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BABYLAND



D. LOHROPE & CO.
BOSTON,
MASS.



LITTLE PIPERS.

BABYLAND



SWEETS TO THE SWEET.

BOSTON:
D. LOTHROP & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
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Theodore Jewell Eastman

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BABYLAND

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ROUND THE CHRIST-MAS TREE.

Big Ba-by Belle and wee Ba-by Bet-ty were large girls be-fore they ev-er saw a Christ-mas tree — two years old and five years old.

Mam-ma al-ways had been poor. She had had no mon-ey to buy e-ven a wee Christ-mas tree, and no time to make pret-ty things to put on it. So her lit-tle girls had hung their stock-ings, and been hap-py with a hand-ful of can-dy.

But this year mon-ey had come to mam-ma — much mon-ey; and now she had time to make pret-ty things. So she bought a tall, hand-some tree, tall e-nough and hand-some e-nough to make up for all the poor years. How green and how live it looked! She hung it with gay can-dles and with gold-en or-an-ges and red ap-

ples, and big pears and ro-sy su-gar peach-es, and tall, twisted can-dy canes and great white pop-corn balls, and dolls, and pret-ty rib-bons that tied paint-ed pict-ure-books to the green limbs; and at the ver-y top of the won-der tree she set a smil-ing Christ-child.

Then she light-ed the can-dles, and o-pened the door, and the lit-tle girls came in.

At last Ba-by Bet-ty spoke: “All for me?”

At last Ba-by Belle spoke: “O, my mam-ma! what a boot'-ful Christ-mas!”

Then they all skipped round the tree, mam-ma and her two lit-tle girls; and the smil-ing Christ-child seemed to smile more than ev-er to see this fam-i-ly so hap-py on his birth-day night.

SOME-THING SWEET.



Christ-mas day some-thing sweet hap-pened to Ba-by Ralph — some su-gar can-dy.

Ralph had nev-er tast-ed can-dy be-fore, and you should have seen his big blue eyes.

“Some mo’ an’ some mo’ an’ some mo’!” he said.

“Some more next Christ-mas,” said mam-ma. And now ev-er-y morn-ing Ralph asks, “Kwis’-mas this day?”

Oh, list-en while the chil-dren sing

(The first one’s name is Mol-ly),

So loud their mer-ry voi-ces ring

(The sec-ond one is Dol-ly),

They sound like black-birds in the spring

(The third is Qua-ker Pol-ly).





ALL THE VIL-LAGE CAME TO DICK'S PAR-TY.

CHRIST-MAS AND FOURTH-OF-JU-LY.



Last Christ-mas Dick-y Day got a dog in his stock-ing—not a can-dy one, but “a live meat dog” as Sis-sy Jane said. He was buff-and-white and shag-gy, with *such* a sau-cy nose!

He was not *in* Dick’s stock-ing, real-ly; but pinned up in both of Dick’s socks. Dick-y looked at him long and well, and he took him off up-stairs af-ter break-fast. When he came down a-gain, he said, “I can teach him tricks, I can; and his name is Blon-do.”

Well, when sum-mer came, on Fourth of Ju-ly night, Blon-do and Dick gave a par-

ty. a big one, out in the barn. Then Blon-do act-ed his "tricks." He danced on his hind feet to mu-sic, all round the ring. He stood on his head. He barked all the notes in the scale. He count-ed up to twen-ty — one, right paw up! two, left paw down!

and so on. And when they cheered him, Blon-do stuck out his sau-cy lit-tle red tongue at them, and laughed, "just like folks," Sis-sy Jane said.

"Hur-rah for Blon-do!" cried all the lit-tle boys.

"Hur-rah for Blon-do!" cried all the lit-tle girls.

TIM AND THE GEESE.

Lit-tle Tim spent hol-i-day week at grand-pa's. He looked at the chick-ens and tur-keys and geese in the barn-yard. "O, grand-pa," he said, "let me have a goose for Christ-mas din-ner. They are so white and hand-some."

What did the white, hand-some geese say to that?

They said "Hiss-s-s-s-s!"

The next day Tim went out alone to draw a white, hand-some goose on his slate to show the boys at school.

See what the geese did then!



FOUR BA-BIES.



THE BABY OF THE WEST.

The Ba-by of the West — how sweet she is, bless her heart ! Pink-and-white, with red lips and great shin-ing eyes — eyes some-times blue, some-times brown, some-times black, but al-ways bright. We robe her in white, and we keep her clean, and she laughs and sings and plays and grows up to be a nice lit-tle school-girl.

The Ba-by of the North — oh, see the lit-tle fat brown thing in her furs ! She lives in a house built of cakes of ice, all dark and smok-y in-side. But she has a good time. She rides on her mam-ma's back, tied up in her shawl, and she has a lit-tle cra-dle stuffed with moss, and in sum-mer time she takes her nap hung up in a tree, cradle and all.



THE BABY OF THE NORTH.



THE BABY OF THE EAST.

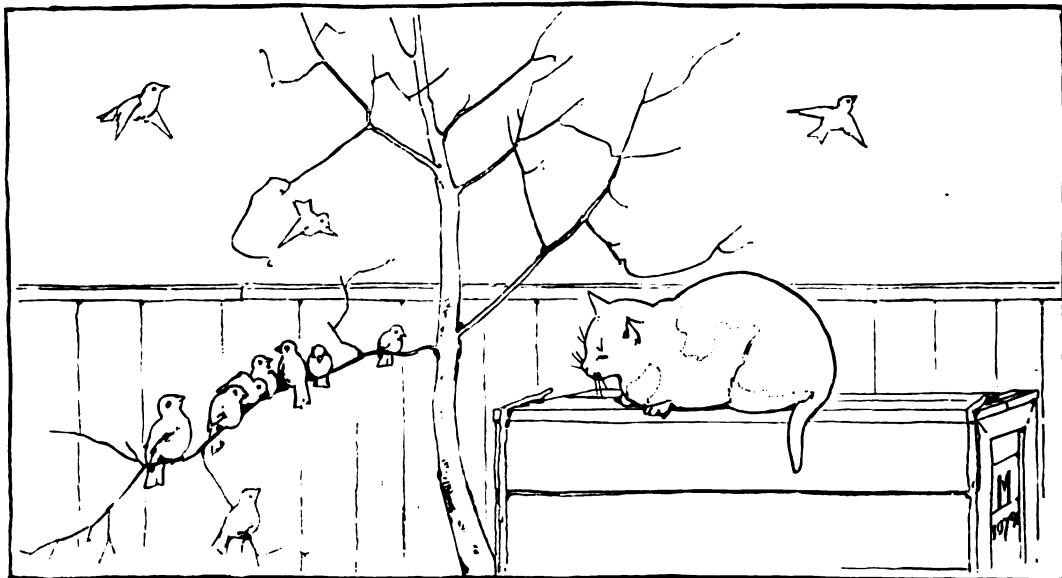
The Ba-by of the East — the yel-low Chi-nese boy — see him smile ! He's glad he is not a girl-ba-by. Then his feet would have to be ban-daged tight to make them small. When he grows up he will eat rice with chop-sticks, and wear his hair in a great long pig-tail braid down his back ; and at school he will have to learn sev-er-al thou-sand letters, in-stead of twen-ty-six like the Ba-by of the West.

The Ba-by of the South — oh, he's a lit-tle wild Af-ri-can ! His moth-er sticks feath-ers in his tan-gly hair, and he wears a red blank-et. He likes to chew su-gar-cane, and he plays with big tusks of i-vo-ry. Per-haps white men will come some day and teach him to read ; but I think he will be a great fight-ing chief when he grows up, and carry a sharp spear, and go to the wars.

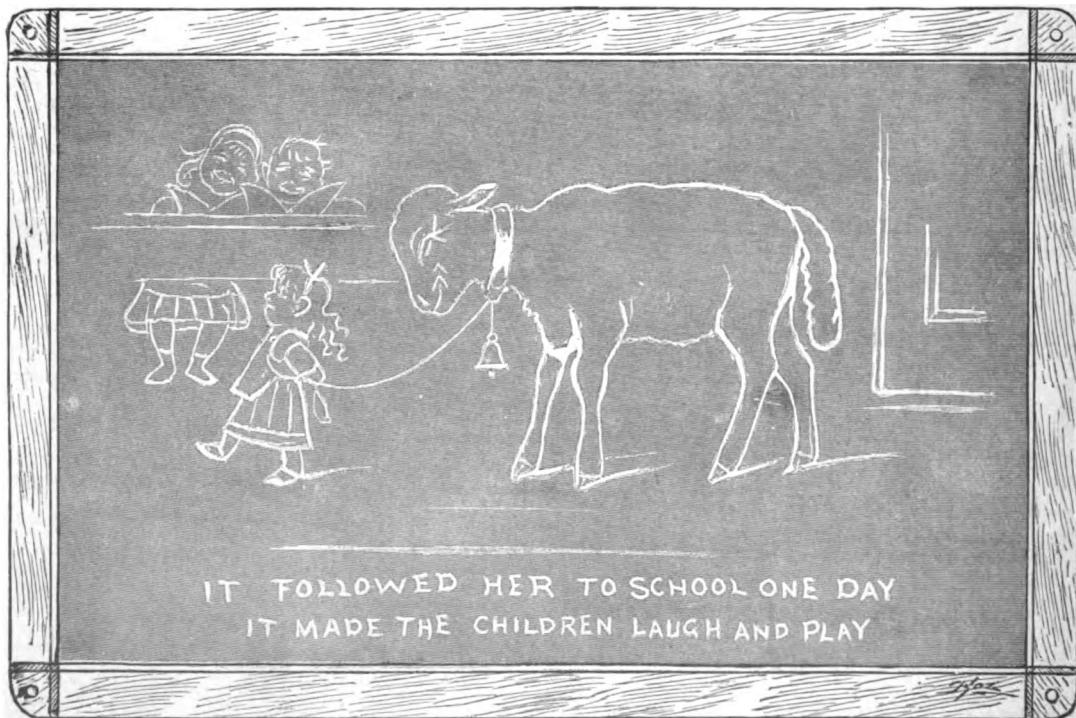


THE BABY OF THE SOUTH.

OUT-LINE PICT-URE TO COL-OR. — SLATE PICT-URE.



"SHE'S A-SLEEP!" — OUT-LINE PICT-URE TO COL-OR.



IT FOLLOWED HER TO SCHOOL ONE DAY
IT MADE THE CHILDREN LAUGH AND PLAY

"MA-RY HAD A LIT-TLE LAMB." — SLATE PICT-URE.

BABYLAND

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HOW DAI-SY GOT HER WISH.

Dai-sy had three kit-tens—Puff, who was cream-col-ored, Beau-ty, drab, and Midge gold-col-ored—three new, lit-tle, sleep-y, hap-py kit-tens.

“I wish my kit-ties had some stock-ings!” Dai-sy said to her aunt-ie the day be-fore Christ-mas.

“Their feet are not cold,” said aunt-ie. “They are all cov-ered with soft fur.”

“But to hang up, you know,” said Dai-sy. “San-ta Claus might bring them some neck-rib-bons.”

Dai-sy’s own stock-ing was brim-ful of pres-ents the next morn-ing, and they were so very pret-ty, that she nev-er thought of her kit-tens till near noon.

She found them all a-sleep in grand-ma’s easy-chair with

its black-and-green striped dam-ask cov-er, and the dia-mond-shaped ti-dy on the back, made in crim-son-and-white checks.

And what do you think?

There were the kit-tens, all three, in new sat-in neck-rib-bons tied in beau-ti-ful bows on the back!

Lit-tle cream-col-ored Puff’s was scar-let; drab Beau-ty’s was pink; and gold-col-ored Midge’s was blue—O, so ver-y be-com-ing!

“San-ta Claus must have been ver-y near when I wished that wish to aunt-ie,” thought Dai-sy. “And O, what good taste he has!” she ad-ded as she looked a-gain at the gay lit-tle pus-sies. “I should like to have him pick out my next new dress, I think.”



THE QUAR-REL.

MAK-ING UP.

A LIT-TLE TIFF.

Once when I tru-ly on-ly meant to speak,
 I struck my lit-tle broth-er on the cheek.
 Dear me—he put his fin-gers to his eyes,
 Though he is brave, and hard-ly ev-er cries.

'Twas naugh-ty as it could be, and the place
 Looked, oh, so red, up-on his lit-tle face,
 The ver-y spot where dim-ples play bo-peep,
 And mam-ma kiss-es most when he's a-sleep !

I was so sor-ry right a-way ; I said,
 "I did-n't, did-n't mean to do it, Ted!"
 And then I cried so ver-y hard, you see,
 He had to come and coax and com-fort me.



"SPEAK, SIR! SPEAK! FRED, I DON'T BE-LIEVE HE UN-DER-STANDS A WORD WE SAY."

BOY TROT-MAN.

Boy Trot-man is my neighbor. I see him com-ing now to make me a call. He is dressed in his lit-tle Ger-man walk-ing suit, leath-er cap, and leath-er a-pron, his sleeves rolled up. When Boy Trot-man comes in that suit, we pre-pare for a rack-et.

I hear a slam down at the

gate. He is here—but he stops at the door. Such quick ears! He hears a lit-tle *chirp, chirp!* He looks up long and sharp at a snug lit-tle place in the porch. He wishes he had a pock-et-full of birds. There is a flut-ter, a rust-ling a-way, a scam-per, all a-round the house.

"*Cluck, cluck!*" says Mother Hen, as she calls her chicks under her wings. "That dread-ful Boy Trot-man is a-round a-gain!"

"*Chirp, chirp!*" says Mother Bird, nest-ling her young ones. "That dread-ful Boy Trot-man is a-round a-gain!"

"*Purr, purr!*" says Mother Cat. "Purr soft! That dread-ful Boy Trot-man is a-round a-gain!"

It is ver-y warm and pleasant, and Boy Trot-man does not come in. He goes round to

the wood-shed. The tools are there. Pret-ty soon I hear his ham-mer. I hear him, too, sing-



BOY TROT-MAN.

ing a-way at the top of his voice:

"*Coop-er, dang, dang! Coop-er, dang, dang!*"

HOW JOHN-NY MADE A HORSE.

John-ny's moth-er is a wash-er-wom-an. She is too poor to buy toys for her lit-tle boy, so he makes his own play-things.

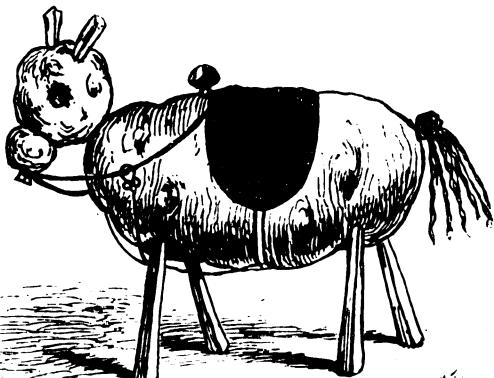
John-ny's cou-sin has a lit-tle tin horse on wheels. John-ny

want-ed a horse too. He had no mon-ey to buy one, so he thought he'd make one.

He went down cel-lar and got the larg-est po-ta-to he could find ; he got an-oth-er

that was small-er, and near-ly round; and an-oth-er ver-y, ver-y small one.

He took two lit-tle sticks,



sharp at both ends, and fast-en-ed these to-ge-th-er; the large po-ta-to made the horse's body, the small one made his head, and the ti-ny one made his nose.

He stuck in two short sticks for ears, and four long sticks

for legs. He cut two holes for the eyes. A tas-sel made of some bits of brown yarn, he pin-ned on for a tail.

A piece of black cloth, with a bit of an old shoe-string for a girth, made a good sad-dle; and a shoe-but-ton stuck in the top was the pom-mel.

With some bits of string, and two eyes off of moth-er's old dress for rings, John-ny made the reins. The reins were fast-en-ed to each end of the bit. The bit was a stick that ran right through the poor fel-low's nose. Then the horse was fin-ished.

Next day John-ny made an-oth-er. Now he has a span.



Slam, bang! clip-pe-ty clap!
Jin-gle the flat-iron, rat-tle the trap.
Whick, whack! what is to pay?
Dor-o-thy Drone must i-ron to-day.

A TALE OF A BOT-TLE.

A bot-tle of ink on the ta-ble,

A lit-tle girl on the floor —
And now I don't think I'll be a-ble

To tell you an-y-thing more.

Then mam-ma runs up to the ta-ble,

Lit-tle girl runs for the door —
And now I don't think I'll be a-ble

To tell you an-y-thing more.

The lit-tle girl up to the ta-ble,

Mam-ma look-ing in at the door —

And now I don't think I'll be a-ble

To tell you an-y-thing more.

The lit-tle girl runs from the ta-ble,

Bot-tle rolls down to the floor —

And now I don't think I'll be a-ble

To tell you an-y-thing more.

Mam-ma runs a-way from the ta-ble,

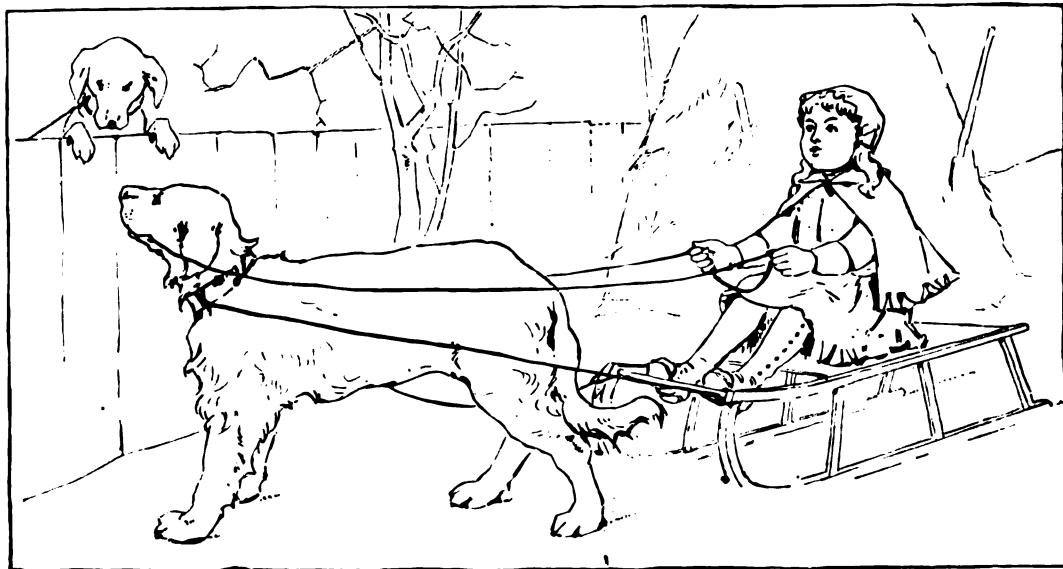
And catch-es the girl at the door —

And now, oh! I *know* I'm not a-ble

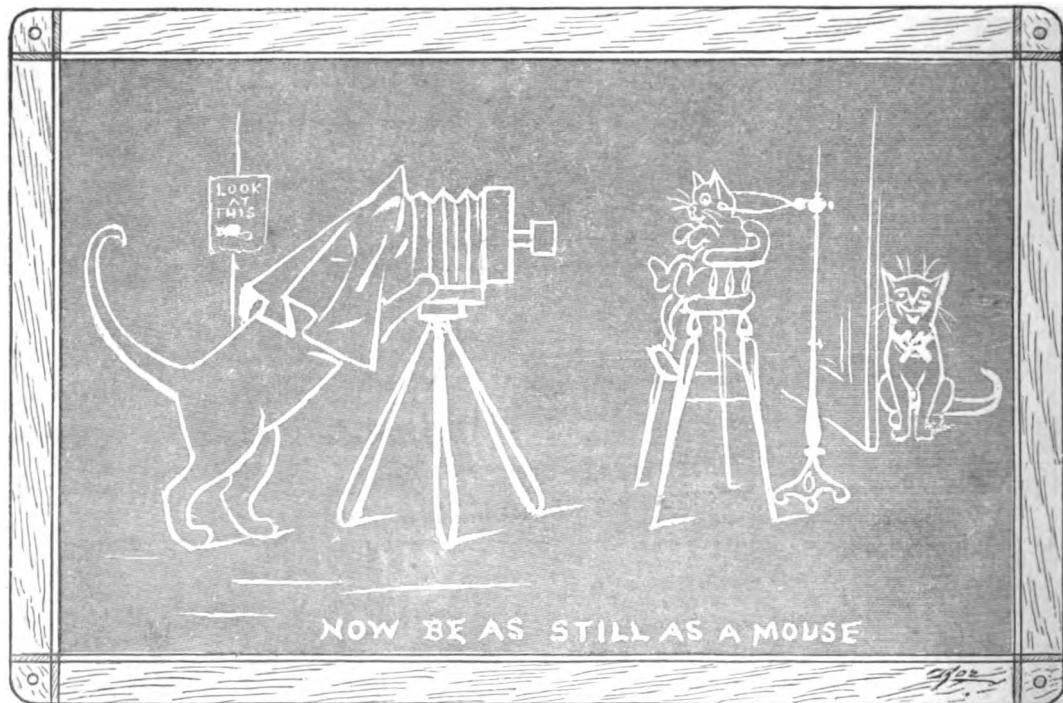
To tell you an-y-thing more.



A ROGUE.



CHILD-LIFE ON THE FARM.—A RIDE A-ROUND THE BARN-YARD.



NOW BE AS STILL AS A MOUSE.

SLATE PICT-URE.—TAK-ING KIT-TY'S PICT-URE.

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"WHAT'S THIS SO COLD ON MY PAW?" SAID SNOW-BALL.

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SNOW-BALL'S EX-PE-RI-ENCE.

Snow-ball is a ver-y young kit-ten in-deed. She has lived just one sum-mer. She is fond of the sun-shine. She curls her-self up on the pi-az-za where the sun shines warm and sleeps for hours. She likes rain-y days, too, for then she climbs up to the top of the wood-pile un-der the shed, where it is warm and dry, and sleeps for hours more.

But the oth-er day some-thing hap-pened to Snow-ball. She was out walk-ing and found it ver-y cold. She was think-ing that she had bet-ter run home, when she felt some-thing cold hit her on the nose. She lift-ed her head quick-ly, to see what it was, and some-thing else, ver-y cold, flew right in-to her eye. When she winked that off she found one

more on her lit-tle soft paw. Be-fore she could find out what it was, ex-cept that it was white and cold, it was gone, and her fur was wet where it had been. Then she looked up and saw that the air was full of these queer lit-tle things which were so cold and wet and white, and that they were fall-ing ev-er-y-where. So she grew ver-y much fright-en-ed and ran home as fast as she could.

“Mew! mew! dear moth-er,” she cried, *“what is it that is com-ing down from the sky and that makes me so cold?”*

“Why, you fool-ish kit-ten,” said the wise old moth-er-cat, tak-ing off her spec-ta-cles, *“don’t you know that it is snow?”*

Snow-ball looked out of the win-dow. *“I don’t think I like snow,”* she said.

ON THE BRIDGE.

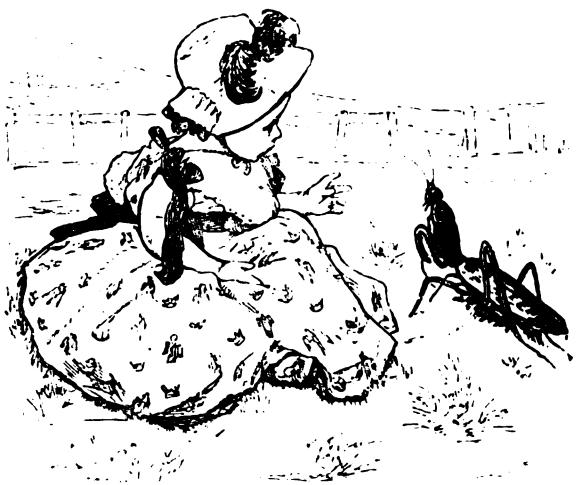


GOOD FUN FOR BOTH.

A la-zy dog and a la-zy boy
 Find so much they can en-joy;
 One with a bent pin for a hook,
 The oth-er sit-ting by to look.
 What do they see by gaz-ing in?
 A min-now with a sil-ver fin?
 Or on-ly a sun-beam glanc-ing
 bright
 O-ver the peb-bles smooth and
 white?

IN THE DOOR-YARD.

This is not Miss Muf-fet
 Who sat on the tuf-fet,
 And who by a spi-der
 Was fright-en-ed a-way;
 'Tis Ba-by come out to play.
 She has a poke bon-net,
 With feath-ers up-on it,
 And Grass-hop-per bows to
 her:
 “ Ba-by, good-day!”



DOOR-YARD AC-QUAINT-ANC-ES.



Now I feel that I *must* scream!
Here's the cat that stole the cream!

WHAT DIM-PLE DID.

One day Dim-ple Dean had the big kitch-en all to her-self ten whole min-utes. Cook and nurse had run out to see a band and a pro-ces-sion go by.

Dim-ple cried two tears, because she was left, and then she climbed up to show her wood-en dolls how cook cooked din-ners on the big ta-ble.

“Ow!” said she, “here is | swim in it, both of you!”
a whole ocean of nice white | So Dim-ple dipped Rob in,



milk in a deep round bowl! | and then she dipped Jack in.
An' Dim-ple will give you a | Nice fel-lows! They didn't

splash a-bout and cry as she did down at the beach last sum-mer. But then, there was no salt in the milk to smart their eyes out!

Dim-ple swam them all a-round the bowl, and she hopped them up and down, un-til they were milk-y all o-ver.

“It’ll do you good!” she said. “It’ll make you grow and be strong.”

She was sor-ry when nurse

and cook came back, and nurse and cook were sor-ry too! I don’t want to tell you what they said. But there were no warm cakes for tea that night; and Dim-ple was un-dressed and put in her bed right in the mid-dle of the af-ter-noon; but poor Rob and Jack suf-fered the most, for they were thrown in-to the ash-bar-rel, nev-er more to be seen by Dim-ple Dean.

WHICH IS TALL-EST?



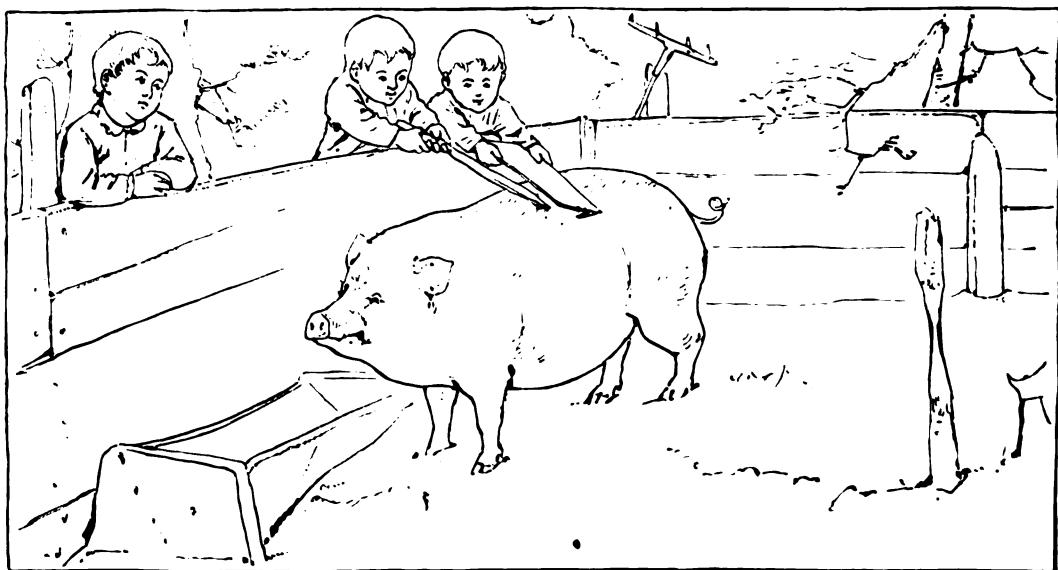
Look! how they meas-ure,
Dai-sy and Rose;
Naught-y Dai-sy *will* stand
On the tips of her toes!

If I was in her place
I’d try to act fair!
And Rose *is* the tall-est
For all, I de-clare!

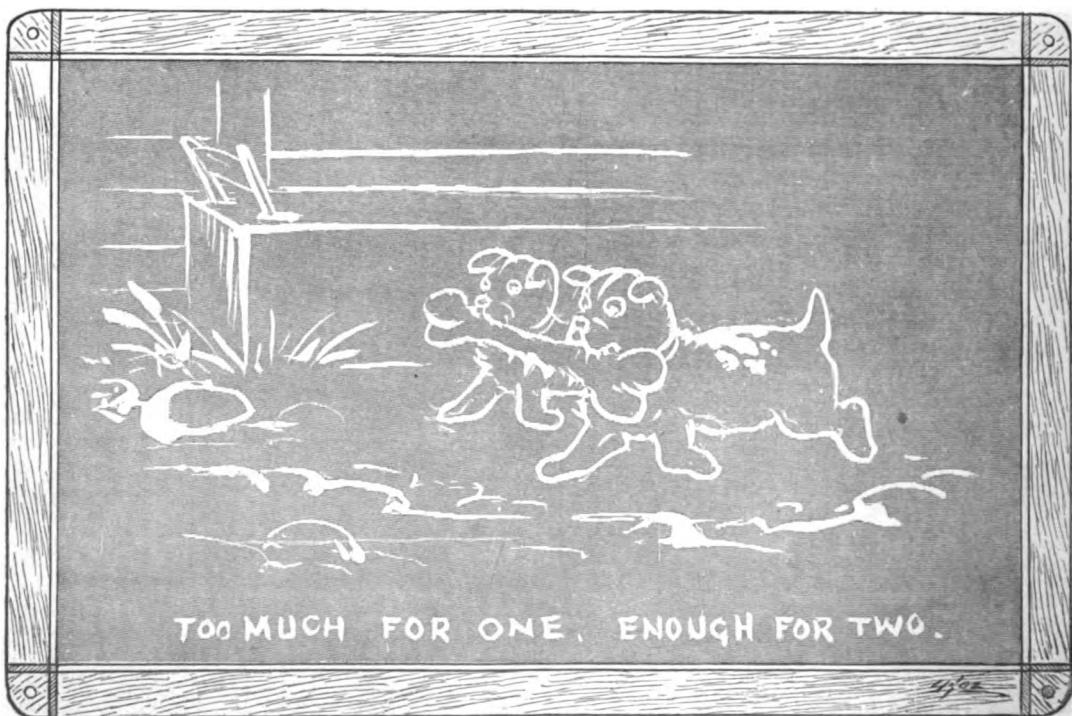


THE LIT-TLE MOTH-ER.

Run a-way, Rob ! You will wake up my ba-by
If you should make any noise !
See how qui-et-ly now she is sleep-ing !
She is al-ways a-fraid of you boys.
Run a-way, Rob ! I've been sit-ting and wait-ing
Ev-er and ev-er so long.
She was *so* cross ! I have rocked her and rocked her,
Sang to her, song after song.
Now she's a-sleep. Please go out in the gar-den ;
I will come too by and by.
Shut the door soft-ly. There, hush-a-bye, ba-by !
I knew he would wake you ! Don't cry !



CHILD-LIFE ON THE FARM.—PIG-GY'S FRIENDS.



TOO MUCH FOR ONE, ENOUGH FOR TWO.

SLATE PICT-URE.—TWO FRIENDS.

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YES, IT PROB-A-BLY WAS JOHN-NY.

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JOHN-NY'S DOG FI-DO.

Mrs. Grant saw a strange boy com-ing, clothes drip-ping wet, hat torn, one shoe gone.

Could this be John-ny? She had sent John-ny to school, neat and clean, an hour a-go! But Fi-do walked by his side, and seemed to know him. It was prob-a-bly John-ny. She met him and said: "What has hap-pened?"

"Fido did it," said John-ny.

Mam-ma took him up-stairs, bathed him, and dressed him in clean clothes. "Now," she said, "I'm read-y to hear how Fi-do wet your clothes, and tore your hat."

"I did not take Fi-do, mam-ma," said John-ny, "but he came through the fence, and jumped up at my pock-et, and I gave him one end of my hand-ker-chief to hold, and

he pulled it a-way, and ran in-to Bob-by Morse's yard, and Bob-by's calf is there, with a strap round his neck, tied to a post, and I told Bob-by we would lead her down to the brook and see her drink, and my hat blew off, and she kept jump-ing a-bout, and stepped on it, and would-n't drink, and walked in-to the water so fast I could not let go, and I fell down, and she ran a-way, and my shoe stuck in the mud, and came off, and it is in the brook now, and I could not go to school, and Fi-do came back with me, but he lost my hand-ker-chief."

"Yes, I see how it is," said mam-ma, "and I will close the door when I go out, so that the bad Fi-do can-not get to you a-gain this day."



SUN-SHINE.



SHOW-ER.

AN A-PRIL DAY.

With song and ban-ner they marched a-way;
 The sky was blue that A-pril day;
 There was no one to shake a head, and say,
 "The house is the bet-ter place to play."
 'Twas warm, and the grass was green and gay,
 And they marched with a ban-ner, marched a-way.

But sud-den-ly rain be-gan to fall;
 They ran to the house for a cape, or a shawl,
 And bor-rowed their moth-er's par-a-sol,
 Quite sure that she wouldn't care at all.
 A squall it was — but an A-pril squall,
 And ter-ri-bly fast the drops did fall.

BA-BY A-MUS-ES HER-SELF.



READY TO GO DOWN STAIRS.

Ba-by 'mused her-self, all a-lone her-self, one day last week, the day Bridg-et i-roned and mam-ma had com-pa-ny.

Mam-ma had left her a-sleep, but pret-ty soon she

woke up, and rolled off the lit-tle white cot; and the first thing she saw was mam-ma's bon-net box, and she put mam-ma's new bon-net on hind part be-fore, and she took off two bunch-es of ar-ti-fi-cial flow-ers to car-ry in her hands.

Then she got the door o-pen and stepped down stairs, step-i-ty-step, step-i-ty-step. She didn't go in-to the par-lor where mam-ma was, but trot-ted a-long to the din-ing room, be-cause she knew, all a-lone-y her-self, just where the cook-ies were kept.

She took bites out of five, and then she bur-ied her lit-tle arms in the su-gar-tub to the el-bows, and got su-gar all o-ver her face, and in-to her eyes, and mam-ma's bon-net fell off, and Ba-by sat down on it,

and she left some of the ar-ti-fi-cial flow-ers in the su-gar tub!

Then Ba-by went in-to pa-pa's study, and climbed up to pa-pa's desk, and took pa-pa's pen out of the ink-stand and wrote a let-ter.

Pret-ty soon the ink-stand up-set it-self, and the ink went all o-ver pa-pa's pa-pers, and Ba-by's white dress and blue boots.

So Ba-by thought she bet-ter go in-to the kitch-en to see Bridg-et. But Bridg-et did n't take no-tice, and Ba-by went to the coal-hod and played with the coals. She put one in her mouth, but it did n't taste good, and she laid them all in the clothes-bask-et.

Bridg-et was just hang-ing Ba-by's lit-tle ruf-fled skirt on the clothes-horse when she heard a scream. Ba-by had

pulled the bowl of starch o-ver, and her lit-tle yel-low curls were all a wet plas-ter.

Mam-ma heard the cries, and she came in and found her Ba-by all starch and su-



IN THE SU-GAR TUB.

gar and coal-dust and ink; but she caught her up and kissed her all the same, and Ba-by said: "Now me go stay wiv you, mam-ma; I can't 'muse my-se'f a-tall!"

CROSS-ING THE FER-RY.

“ Miss Bell, are you go-ing
A-long with me row-ing ? ”

Said the fer-ry-man, John Eb-e-ne-zer;

“ I’ll row you right o-ver,
As fast as a plo-ver

When he feels in the morn-ing the
breeze stir.”

“ I wish to go o-ver,
And take my Doll Clo-ver,
But my mon-ey is spent, Eb-e-
ne-zer.”

“ I do not wish a-ny
From you, but a pen-ny
From Clo-ver,” said he, just to tease her.

“ I will not go o-ver
With-out my Doll Clo-ver,
So good-bye, Mr. John Eb-e-ne-zer.”

“ Well, sing me a song, then,
And bring her a-long, then,”

Said the fer-ry-man, wish-ing to please her.



MISS BELL AND
DOLL CLO-VER.



THE TROUB-LES OF TRIM AND SPOT.

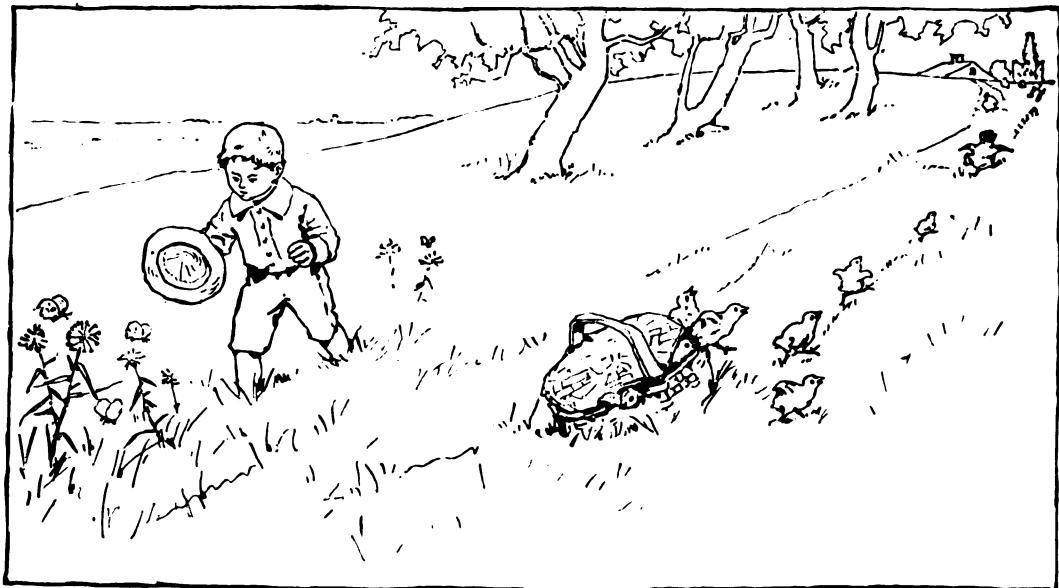
Trim and Spot were Harry's dogs. They were black dogs, black dogs with white caps and slip-pers; and Harry said it was not nice to wear white, with-out the white was ver-y white.

Trim and Spot oft-en felt deep-ly sor-ry that their lit-tle mas-ter was so par-tic-u-lar a-bout the white-ness of their white; for what do you think

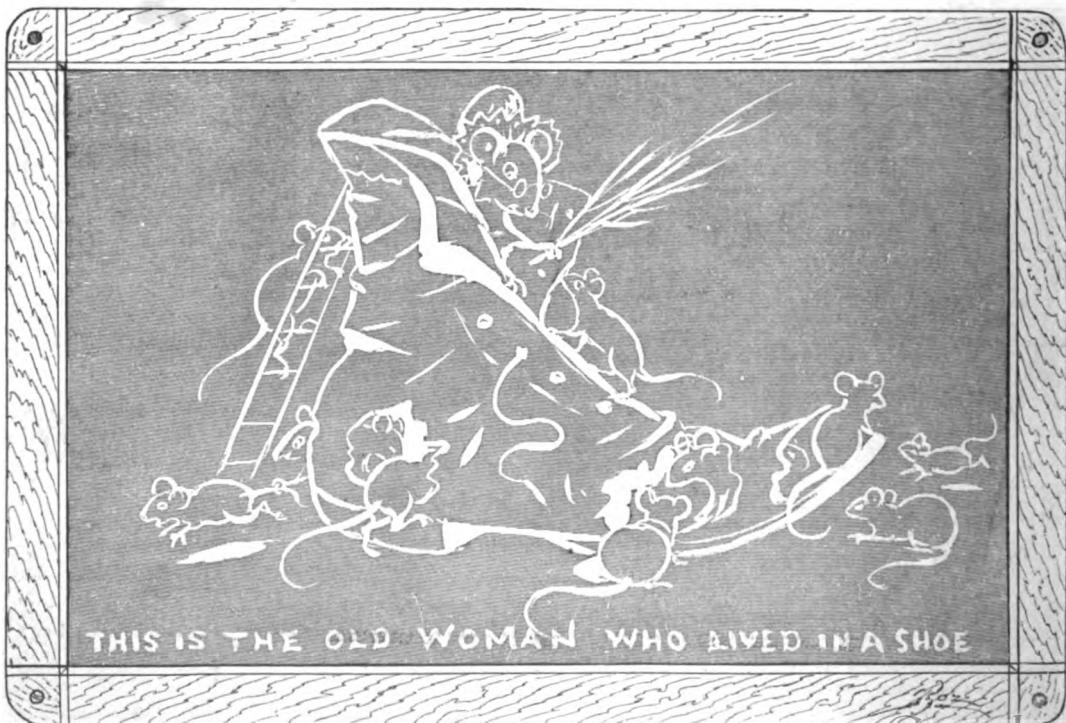
he did to keep the white caps and slip-pers white?

He put them in a bath-tub twice a week, and then soused them up and down in the warm suds, and af-ter that smoth-ered them all up in tow-els, and then brushed them with brush-es a long time.

Poor lit-tle pets! They oft-en wished they had been born all black!



CHILD-LIFE ON THE FARM.—THE ESCAPE.



THIS IS THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE

BABYLAND

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"SOME DAY, THIS LITTLE HAND WILL SPLIT WOOD."

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LIT-TLE BROTH-ER.

The new ba-by had blue eyes. The new ba-by had gold hair. The new ba-by was all white and pink tints. The Dill-dell chil-dren were nev-er tired of talk-ing a-bout it. They were nice chil-dren, all four, but they were as brown as gip-seys, their eyes were black, and e-ven Gra-cie's light hair was brown; and it was like a fair-y sto-ry that the ba-by should be blue-eyed and have gold hair. He was like a dam-ask rose a-mong red ro-ses.

But, best of all, the new Dill-dell ba-by was a lit-tle broth-er! The oth-er Dill-dells were girls—Mol-ly and Ruth and Gra-cie, and Pearl.

“On-ly think, mam-ma,” said Mol-ly, “some day, this lit-tle hand will split wood, this

lit-tle, lit-tle mite of a hand!”

“And on-ly think, mam-ma,” said Ruth, who was the romp of the four, “that hand will spin tops, and will snow-ball, and whit-tle with a knife!”

“And mam-ma, too,” said Gra-cie, “it'll make pict-ures on a slate!”

“An' his lit-tle han'll take hol' o' mine,” said lit-tle Pearl, “an' my lit-tle bruv-ver and me'll go some-where!”

“And he won't be a-fraid of cows and horses, as we are,” said Gra-cie.

“Course not,” said Ruth, “he'll have a horse his own self, some day!”

And mam-ma kissed the soft dim-ples of the lit-tle man's hands, and prayed a sweet pray-er that her lit-tle girls did not hear.

MAK-ING BE-LIEVE.

Oh, I'm a la-dy like the rest,
 With puffed-up dress and fan,
 And I can dance as pret-ty a dance
 As a-ny-bod-y can.

'Tis first the heel, and then the toe,
 And then a bow and whirl ;
 I'm a la-dy at a par-ty now,
 And not a lit-tle girl.



"I'M A LADY!"

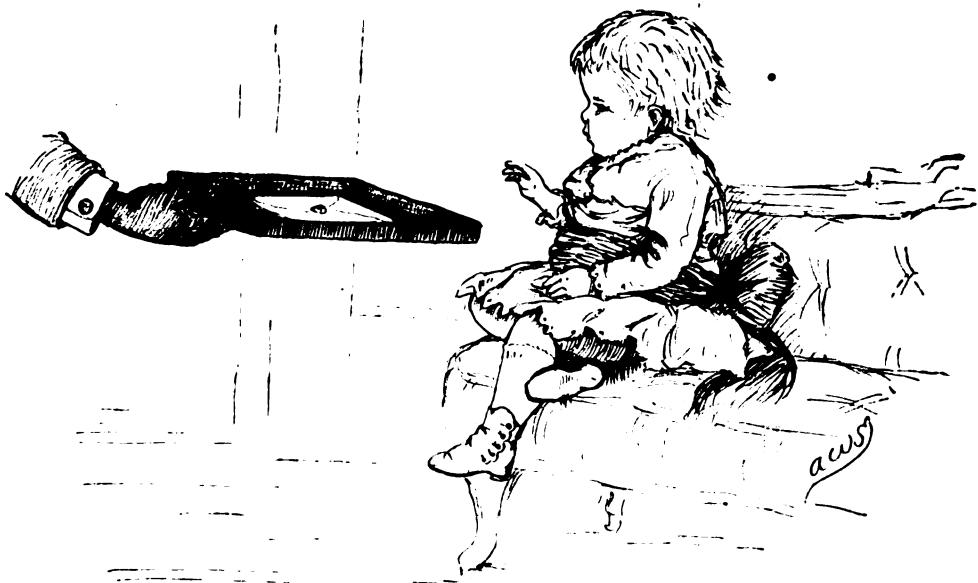
FEED-ING KIT-TY.

You see I have a bit of meat
 I want the puss-y-cat to eat;
 I'd give it to her on a fork,
 But mam-ma says that is-n't neat.



MEAT FOR KIT-TY.

I'll feed her at the kitch-en door;
 Her lit-tle dish is on the floor;
 And when she's eat-en this, I know
 She'll mew, and mew, and ask for more.



BA-BY'S FIRST LETTER.

LIT-TLE FIELD FOLKS.

Some lit-tle field folks live on the banks of Brook Ripple. They have good times down there. A Lit-tle Bird oft-en tells me what goes on a-mong the grass-es and rush-es and yel-low cow-slips.

Yes-ter-day there was a ride. Bil-ly and Ban-jo and

Bu-gle Frog went, and lit-tle Cad-dy Crick-et, and Moth-er Mouse and her daugh-ter Mol-ly, and Miss Cre-mo-na Grass-hop-per, a young la-dy who plays the vi-o-lin. They hired old Mr. M. Tur-tle and his car-ry-all, and a jol-ly time they had!

Miss Cre-mo-na and Bu-gle
Frog played tunes, the oth-ers
made jokes, and they all | hap-py lit-tle Cad-dy Crick-et.
"Such a frisk-y day!" said
Mol-ly Mouse. "Not a sin-



TAK-ING A RIDE.

snuffed a great deal of fresh air, and ad-mired the sce-ner-y, and stopped when-ev-er they chose, to nip at such leaves and sprigs of ten-der greens as they liked best.

"Such a chirp-y day!" said

gle, single cat have we met!"

"Nor boy ei-ther!" said Ban-jo Frog. "Tum-ti-tum!"

And old Mr. M. Tur-tle said he had en-joyed the day him-self.

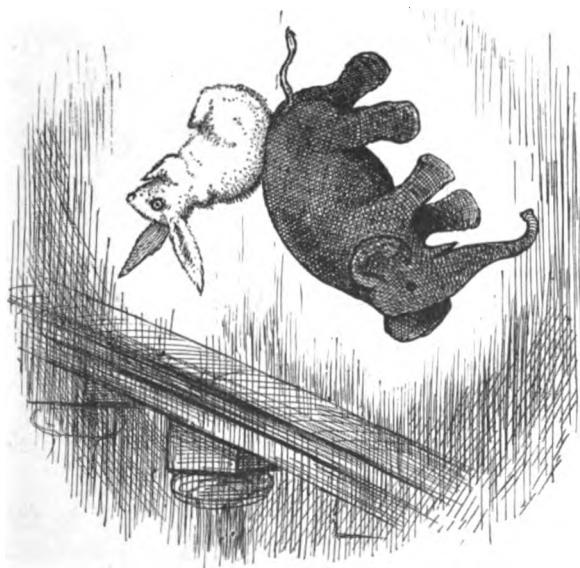
At least this is what was told me by the Lit-tle Bird.



THE BOY WHO OWNED THE EL-E-PHANT.

MY EL-E-PHANT.

Once I had an el-ephant.
He was made of cloth, with
a trunk and a tail. He had



THE AC-CI-DENT.

eyes, too, and looked at me.
He was a Christ-mas pres-ent,

and his tail would wig-gle.

Once I went to see Wil-ly,
and took him in my pock-et.
Wil-ly had a rab-bit with pink
eyes, with-out any tail. We
played up in the at-tic, and
I threw my el-ephant down
stairs at Bil-ly, and he threw
his rab-bit up at me. One
time they hit in the mid-dle,
and knocked out a pink eye.

The next time I took hold
too hard, and my el-ephant's
tail came right out. Mam-ma
tried to sew it on, but it would
nev-er wig-gle any more. I like
tru-ly el-e-phants best now.

WIL-LY'S WORK.

[MORN-ING.]

The sun has ris-en o'er hill-top and tree,
 The blue-birds are sing-ing as blithe as can
 be,
 The lambs are a-feed-ing where clo-ver
 grows thick,
 And our lit-tle Wil-ly is rid-ing a stick.

[NOON.]

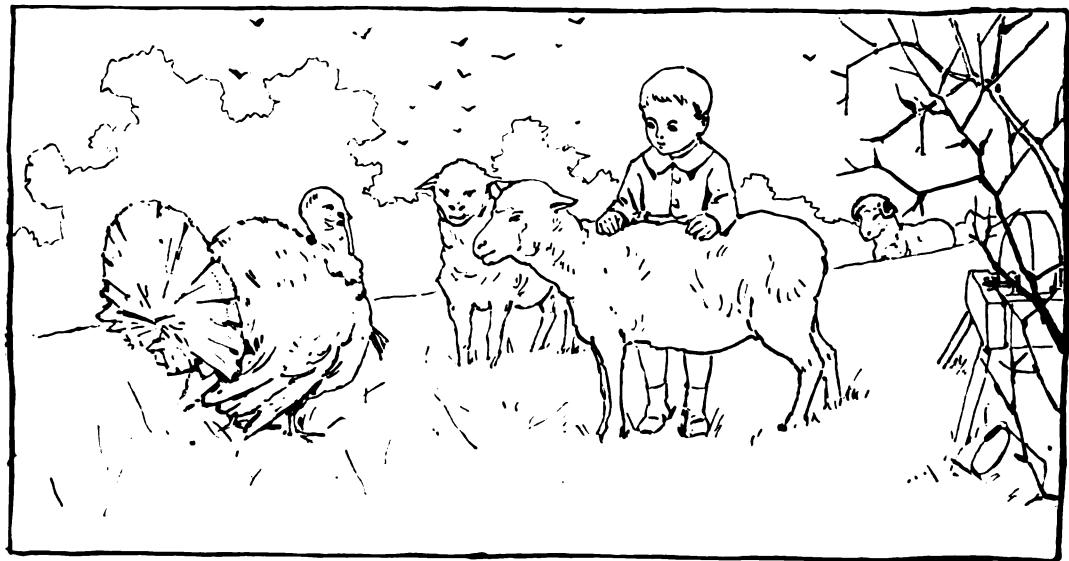
The hot thirst-y cat-tle all stand in the
 pool,
 The teach-er dis-miss-es the schol-ars
 from school,
 The men to their din-ner are hur-ry-
 ing quick,
 But our lit-tle Wil-ly is rid-ing a stick.



THE LIT-TLE HORSE-MAN.

[NIGHT.]

Ag-gy is put-ting her dol-ly to bed,
 Each lit-tle chick-en has hid-den its head,
 The shad-ows of e-ven-ing are gath-er-ing thick,
 And our little Wil-ly is sta-bling his stick.



CHILD-LIFE ON THE FARM.—THE IN-TRO-DUC-TION.



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THREE BABIES IN A ROW.

THREE BA-BIES.

Three ba-bies sit-ting in a row,
 Sweet-er than hon-ey is, I know.
 Said Ba-by Em, to Ba-by Jay:
 "I think we'd bet-ter run a-way.

"Out in the gar-den we will go,
 To see the ro-sy po-sies blow,
 To see the plums hang ripe
 and sweet,
 And get us one a-piece to eat!"

"O yes, O yes," said Ba-by Jay ;
 "It is a love-ly, sun-ny day ;
 And plums are nice! let us
 go!
 I'm tir-ed of sit-ting in a row."

Said Ba-by Em to Ba-by Zee :
 "If you'll be one, we will be
 three.
 The plums are good ; you'd
 bet-ter come."
 But Ba-by Zee just sucked his
 thumb.

So Ba-by Em and Ba-by Jay,
 Two naugh-ty ba-bies, ran
 a-way.
 And two mam-mas ran aft-er
 them,
 And caught the ba-bies, Jay
 and Em ;

 And bore them home in sad
 dis-grace,
 While tears rolled down each
 ba-by face ;
 And gave them sups of milk
 and bread ;
 And put them in their lit-tle
 bed ;

 And one mam-ma gave Ba-by
 Zee,
 Who didn't run a-way, you see,
 But stayed at home and sucked
 his thumb,
 A great big, nice big, sweet big
 PLUM !

READ-ING THE PA-PER.

It is pa-pa's pa-per,
 Come and see!
 I can read it quite
 As well as he.
 Here is an A,
 And here a D,
 A fun-ny Q,
 And a crook-ed Z.
 And here, oh, here
 Is a toss-it and bake-it
 Pat-ty-cake T.



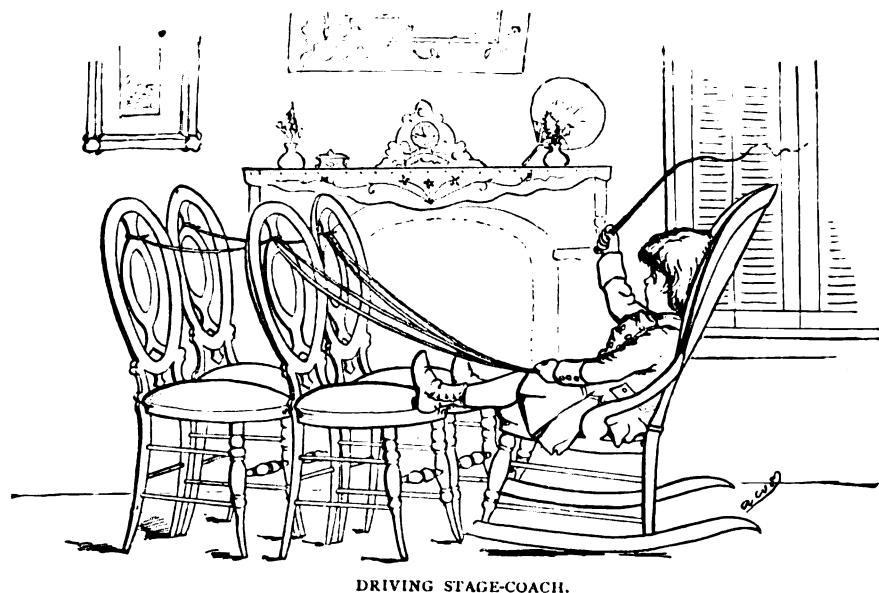
THE NEWS.

A LIT-TLE MOTH-ER.



SO BUS-Y!

I must make my dol-ly a dress that fits;
 'Tis a shame to have her look this way;
 Her oth-er was torn in-to lit-tle bits,
 When Ton-y shook her so yes-ter-
 day.
 Here's nee-dle, and thread, and thim-ble
 too,
 Oh, I've so much to do — so much to do!



DRIVING STAGE-COACH.

OUR LIT-TLE HORSE-MAN.

There is a lit-tle boy in our house, who drives horses from morn-ing till night.

When he gets out of bed in the morn-ing, he says, "I put on my shoe-tock-ies, mam-ma."

Mamma gives him his shoes and stock-ings, but when she is all dress-ed her-self, she looks a-round and sees a lit-tle bare-foot boy, with a shoe-string in each hand, driv-ing his shoes for a team.

As soon as this lit-tle boy gets his break-fast, he takes pa-pa's cane and a whip, and can-ters up and down the long din-ing-room.

When he is tired of rid-ing horse-back, he fas-tens his lines to the win-dow-blinds and calls them his "match-es." Then he says, "I'm do-in'a dwive. Will 'oo do a-long, mam-ma?"

Then he thinks he will have a big stage-coach. He har-

ness-es four chairs for a team, and draws up the big rock-er for a coach. He rocks as fast as he can, and cracks his whip, and shouts to his horses. He thinks he is a big man.

When af-ter-noon comes, he goes out in the yard. He puts old Dolly's bri-dle o-ver his head, and a-round his bod-y, and drives him-self. Then, if we talk to him, he does not an-swer. If we tease him too long, he says:

“ Don’t ‘oo see I’m a horse?
Horses can’t talk.”



A STEAD-Y TEAM.

As soon as his broth-er comes home from school, he cries: “ Bruv-er Tom, let me

drive ‘oo! let me drive ‘oo!”
He puts his red lines

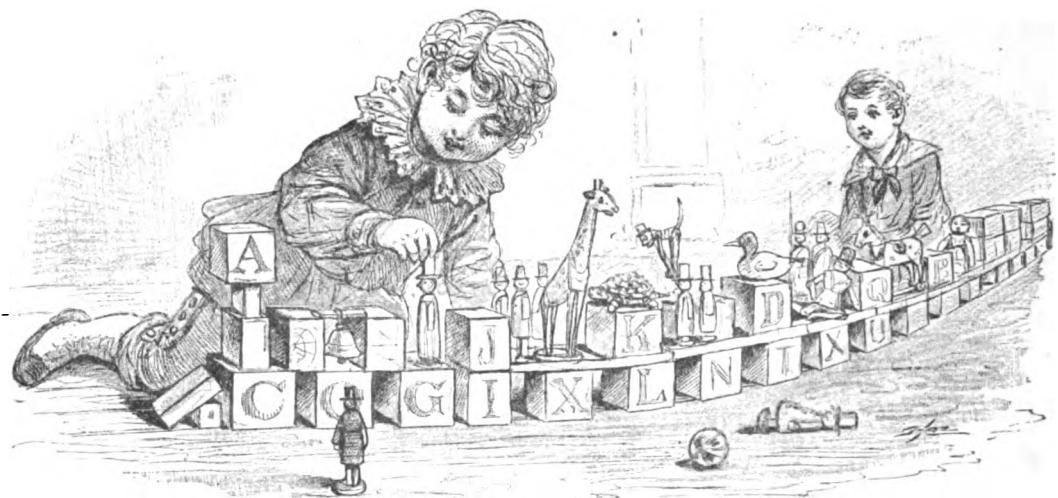


I'M A HORSE NOW.

a-round Tom, and a-way they both go. He has a live horse now, and that is best of all. By and by night comes, and a tired and sleep-y lit-tle boy climbs on mam-ma’s lap.

“ Why, how is this ? ” she says. “ Moth-er doesn’t have horses on her lap.”

“ I ain’t a horse an-y more. I’m ‘oo lit-tle boy now. Sing to me, mam-ma.”



A SPLEN-DID-LY MAN-AGED ROAD.

THE GREAT BLOCK TRAIN.

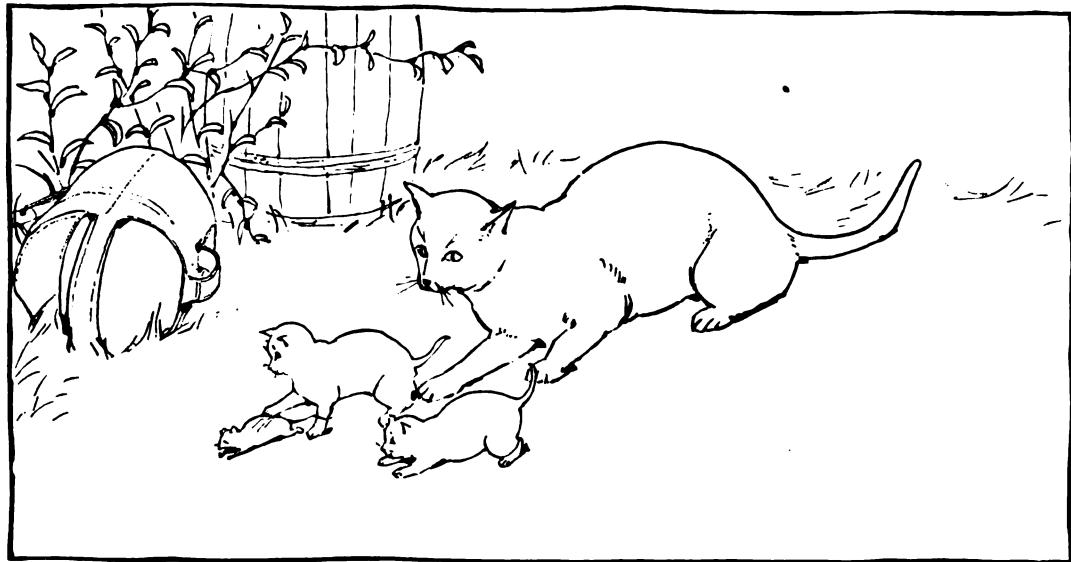
Hur-rah! With a rat-tle, a bang, and a roar,
A train rush-es o-ver the nur-ser-y floor.
The Great Block train of the Nur-ser-y line—
A train of blocks with a track of twine.
And the en-gi-neer, No-ah, stands prim and straight,
Per-haps mus-ing dark-ly, the while, on Fate,
That, from sail-ing for ages a-cross the main,
Has brought *him* to man-age the Great Block train.

Six pas-sen-ger cars, with a “freight,” and a “mail,”
Follow the en-gine that trav-els the rail;

There's a cow-catch-er, smoke-stack, and bell in view,
For the build-er, though small, knows a thing or two ;
And an ea-ger "di-rect-or," on ei-ther side,
Watch-es over the safe-ty of folks that ride.
Ah, a splen-did-ly man-aged road, it's plain,
Is that run o-ver by the Great Block train !

The trav-el-lers, in-deed, are a mot-ley crew,
For there's Shem and Ham and Ja-phet too,
With their sev-er-al wives ; then a duck and a horse,
And a mon-key climb-ing a stick, of course,
And a jump-ing-jack and a tall gi-raffe,
And a Jap-an-ese tur-tle — I'm sure you'd laugh
At the com-i-cal crowd a list would con-tain
Of the pas-sen-gers on the Great Block train.

" Let her go, Char-lie ! " " Send her off, Ted ! "
" Hi, Mr. No-ah, hold on to your head ! "
" Toot, toot ! " goes the whis-tle ; the bell, " Ding,
ding, dong ! "
Whizz ! Bang ! The fast train rat-tles a-long.
Down the line, round the curve, now with a roar
It flies, fast and fu-ri-ous, o-ver the floor !
" Ding, dong ! " " Toot, toot ! " Here it comes up
a-gain,
Hur-rah, for the fun of the Great Block train !



CHILD-LIFE ON THE FARM.—THE FIRST LES-SON.



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"TAB LUGGED ONE, AND I LUGGED TWO."

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OUT-WIT-TED.

Three lit-tle tab-by-coats all in a row,
Moth-er Puss loves them, this I know ;
Pet nam-ed them Pearl-y, Fred and Dick—
Nice lit-tle tab-by-coats, so smooth and slick!
“You can’t keep them,” broth-er Ned said,
Fold-ing his arms, and shak-ing his head;
“Our fish they’d catch, our birds they’d kill,
I’ll find them a place by the old red mill !”
In-to his lap, lit-tle Pet climbed,
Round his neck her chub-by arms twined,
But coax-ing was vain, though a close em-brace
Drew the ro-sy mouth to her broth-er’s face.
Ned ·was gone, on-ly Pet and Puss,
To guard the dar-lings, but now, for-sooth !
Where should they go, to be safe from harm —
Up-stairs, down-stairs, or in the big barn ?
No trace of tab-by-coats, in-doors or out ;
Moth-er Puss stares at this bust-ling a-bout ;
Pet smiles de-mure-ly when none can see,
Whis-pers “ No-body knows, Tab, but you and me !”
Mam-ma found in her hat-box three fun-ny things,
All curled up in soft, wool-ly rings ;
Called, “ Pet, Pet ! Oh look ! oh do !”
Laugh-ing, she said: “ Tab lugged one, and I lugged two !”



GRAND-PA'S GUESTS.

When once a year his birth-day comes
The chil-dren are de-light-ed,
For grand-pa gives à party then
To which they are in-vit-ed.
Their very pret-ti-est clothes they wear,
And they crowd a-round the great arm-chair,
Where he sits with beau-ti-ful white hair.

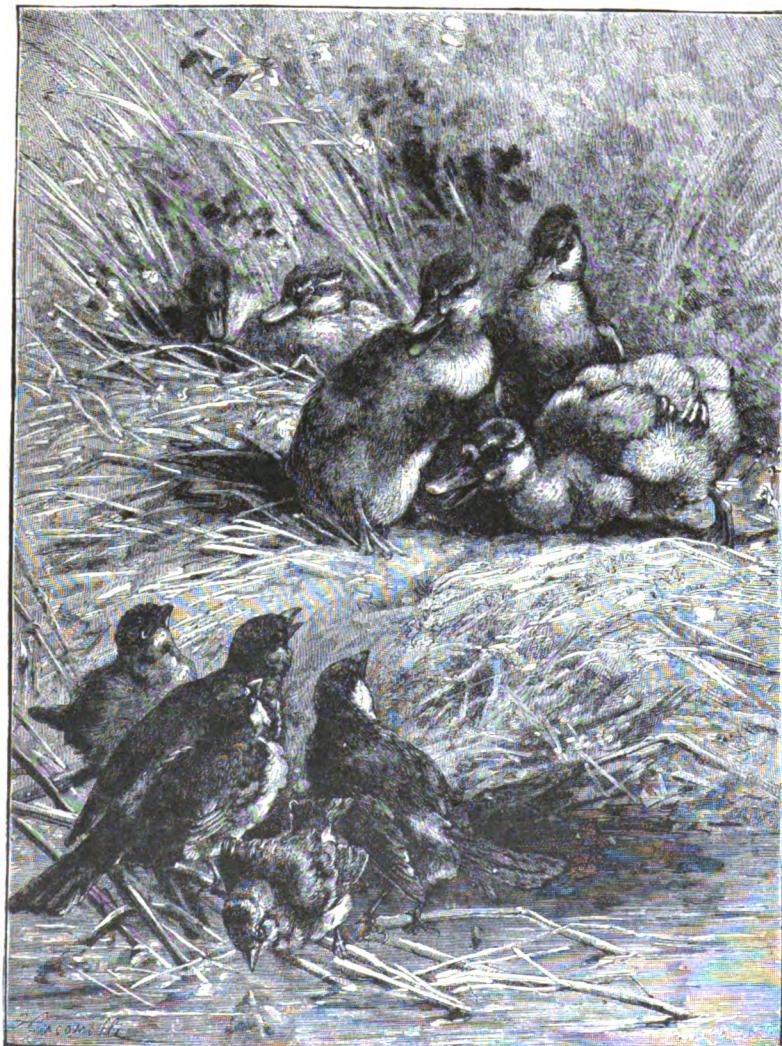
And such a ta-ble as is spread
With sweet-meats by the doz-ens,
E-nough to feed an-oth-er score
Of ea-ger lit-tle cous-ins.
And sure to see each has his share,
And the jol-li-est, kind-est, dear-est there,
Is grand-pa, with his snow-white hair.

GIRL JEN-NY'S WISH.

"Mam-ma," said Girl Jen-ny, "I wish when I go to school, that I would study lan-guages that birds an' ducks

an' sheeps an' cows talk in." Mam-ma laugh-ed, but Girl Jen-ny was ver-y so-ber a-bout her wish. "'Cause I rath-er

than French an' Ger-man, 'cause I don't know any French and Ger-man folks, an' I do know birds an' ducks an' sheeps an' oth-ers; an' this morn-ing when I was down by the brook the ducks were there too, an' the spar-rows came down to drink, an' they talked an' talked an' talked to-gether, an' I did want to know what they said. I *think* the ducks said, 'You can't swim! can't swim! can't swim! can't swim!'



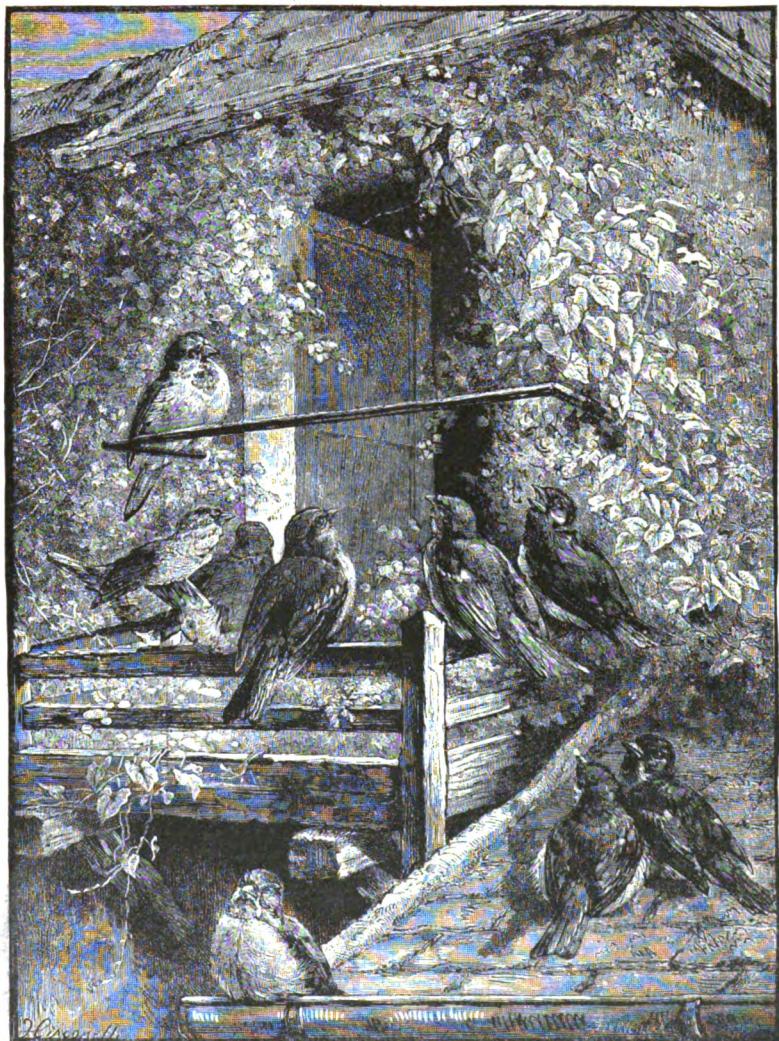
DOWN BY THE BROOK.

An' I *think* the birds said, 'You can't fly! can't fly! can't fly!' But I don't *know* that they said so, 'cause I can't speak their lan-guages! An' I watched those birds go home, up in the birds' loft, an' all the oth-er birds came out, an' the birds that had been down to the brook just sat down an' talked an' talked, an' I *think* it was what the ducks had said, an' I wish I could stud-y their lan-guages when I go to school, 'stead of French an' Ger-man — *why* don't I, mam-ma?"

Mam-ma said she used to wish so too, when she was a lit-tle girl.

"An' mam-ma," said Girl

Jen-ny, "hens sing, for ev-er-y night when I go a-round

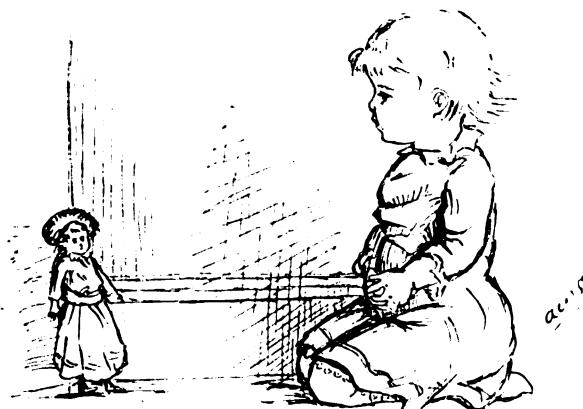


UP IN THE BIRDS' LOFT.

a-mong the coops I hear I-rish No-ra sing bye-los to her chick-ies — she sings tunes, mam-ma, as you do."

Then mamma laughed again.

DOLL EM-MIE.



READY FOR A RIDE.

A dear lit-tle dol-ly
 Is Em-mie the fair,
 With her bright eyes of blue,
 And her gay gold-en hair.
 In her own lit-tle cra-dle
 She sleeps through the night,

And then in the morn-ing
 She wakes up so bright,

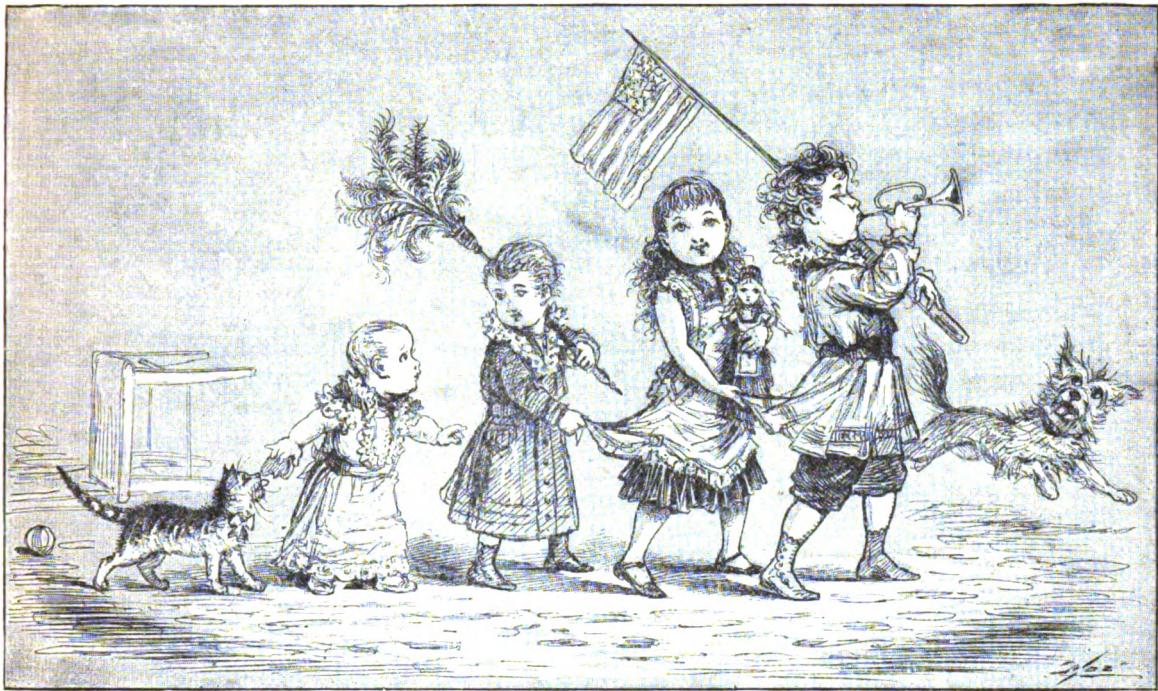
And says, " Now, dear ma,
 Please put on my dress ; "
 And dear mam-ma does so,
 In a mo-ment or less.

Then soon in her car-riage
 Miss Em takes a ride,
 And a lit-tle gray kit-ten
 Runs close by her side ;

While mam-ma be-hind her
 With man-y a smile,
 Wheels the bright, paint-ed
 car-riage
 For a make-be-lieve mile.



All round and round the world,
 Two or three times, may-be,
 Noth-ing half so sweet you'll find
 As our win-some ba-by.



A FOURTH-OF JU-LY PRO-CES-SION.

This is a sto-ry of a sil-ly young bird that thought she knew best. When they flew up from the South, the oth-ers set to work to build nests ; but this bird said, " What's the use ! See how thick the ap-ple blos-soms are ! I will live in a-mong them."

So she did not build un-der the eaves, but flew in and out

of the pink ap-ple-tree. But one night came a great rain-storm, and *then* this sil-ly bird wished she had built a nest.





CHILD-LIFE ON THE FARM.—HELP-ING BROTH-ER.



THE SAFE SIDE OF THE BOTTLE

BABYLAND

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KIT-TY AND HER PAR-A-SOL.



A DOG CART.

UN-CLE DICK'S BOY.

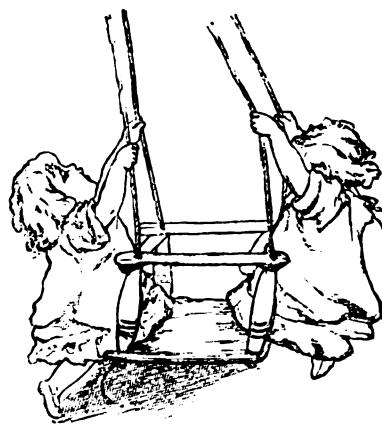
The boy that lives at un-cle Dick's has a great deal of laugh-ing to do when Jack-y and Joe are at the farm.

"Fun-ni-est lit-tle fel-lows you ev-er saw!" says the boy. "A-pick-ing out the big-gest straw-ber-ries for each oth-er, and a-giv-ing up to each oth-er, and a-sit-ting down to-geth-er

on the door-step to hold the cat, her head on Joe's knee, and her tail and hind paws on Jack's knee—and yes-ter-day they took their dog to ride, in stead of his drawing the cart his-self — lov-in'-est lit-tle fel-lows you ev-er saw! Di-clare, I'd like some broth-ers like 'em my-self!"



ISN'T THIS FUN?



AND ISN'T THIS FUN?

IN THE SWING.

Bet-ter than al-most any-thing
 Do the chil-dren love an out-door swing;
 With their soft little hands they hold and cling
 Like birds just out of a nest.

Try it which-ev-er way they please,
 'Tis good as a green bough in a breeze;
 They kneel in it with their chub-by knees,
 To see if they like that best.

O-ver and o-ver they do it all,
 Sit in it, stand in it, laugh and call;
 And then if by an-y chance they fall—
 Why, then you know the rest.

A GREED-Y CAT.



Once on a time, in Ger-man-y,
A coun-try far a-cross the sea,
Well-fed and cared-for, sleek and fat,
There lived a large and hand-some cat.

It chanced that Pus-sy found, one day,
An earth-en pot up-on her way;
“O ho!” said she, “what have we here?
Tis some-thing nice, that’s very clear!”



Now though Miss Puss had smelted a-right,
The pot was strong and cov-ered tight;
But as she felt she ought to see
What sort of din-ner this might be,

She man-aged with a migh-ty push
To move the lid; and then a gush
Of fra-grant steam that smelt of broth,
All cov-ered with de-li-cious froth!



“O ! mer-cy on me!” said the cat,
“I must just have a taste of that!”
And then she gave it such a blow,
It turned the cov-er off, you know.



Was *ev-er* any-thing so nice?
 She licked her lips and winked her eyes,
 And thought how luck-y 'twas to find
 A dish ex-act-ly to her mind.

The pot was tall, and so the broth
 Was hard to reach, but to the froth
 She bent her head and took a dip,
 And then a long de-li-cious sip.



And farth-er in and farth-er yet,
 And then as far as she could get,
 This wick-ed Pus-sy went; you see
 It was as wrong as wrong could be.

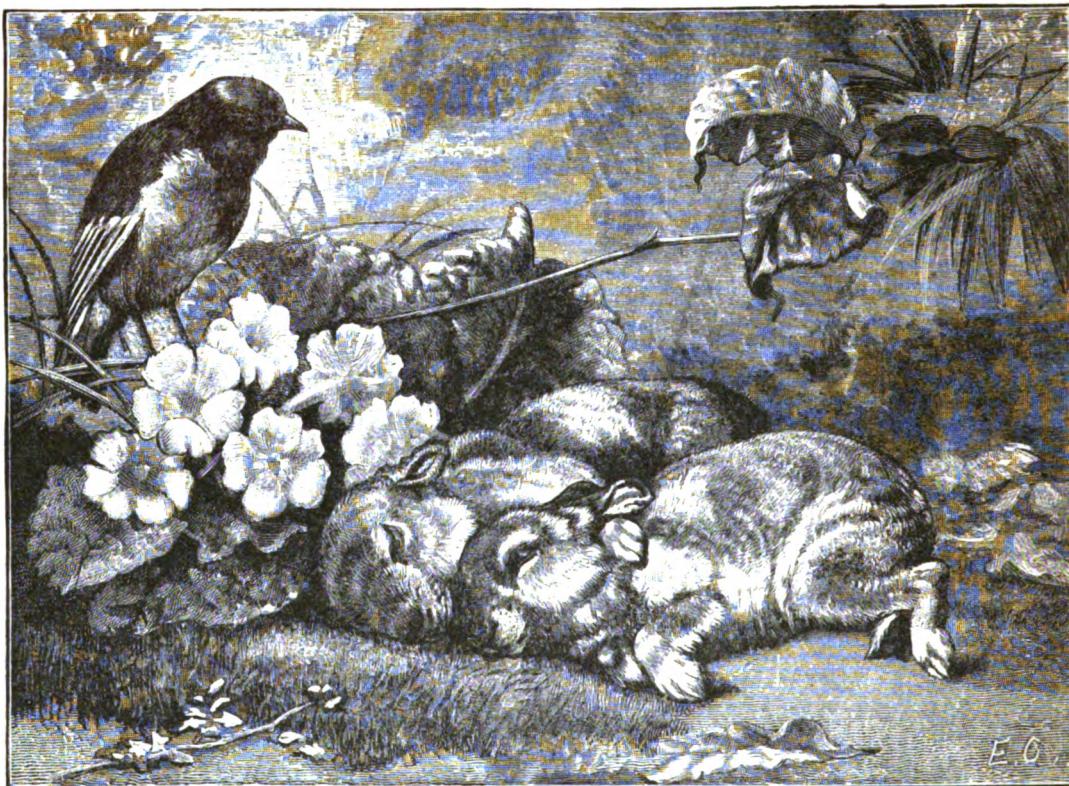
But soon she had a dread-ful fright.
 The broth all gone, the pot was light
 And fell and cracked up-on the floor,
 And Bet-ty heard it through the door.



The rest I think I will not tell,
 For you can guess it all quite well,
 How Bet-ty had a heav-y stick,
 And blows came fall-ing fast and thick!

And when at last the cook was gone,
 And wretch-ed Puss was left a-lone,
 In cold and dark-ness then she thought,
 That stol-en things are dear-ly bought.





THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

BA-BY NELL'S MIS-HAP.

What do you think happened to Ba-by Nell the oth-er day?

Nurse had dressed her and put her down on a rug in the hall near the front door. You nev-er saw any thing look

sweet-er than she did. She looked like a lit-tle bun-dle of white ruf-fles tied round the mid-dle with a wide blue rib-bon that was not tied tight e-nough, so that the lit-tle curls and blue eyes and dim-ples and

wee blue boots were spill-ing out at the ends of the bun-dle.

Just then lit-tle Nell's big broth-er Jack came round the corn-er of the house with the gar-den hose. He was sprink-ling the grass and the flow-ers; he was al-so sprink-ling the cats and the dog and the birds, when they would let him. — Jack is a ver-y great rogue.

I don't be-lieve he fixed the noz-zle of the hose ver-y tight, for while nurse was gone to get ba-by a crack-er, a lit-tle puff of wind turned the noz-zle o-ver and the spray shot in-to the hall and came pour-ing down — right on ba-by!

She gave a lit-tle scream and

caught her breath, and kicked, and fought at it with her hands.

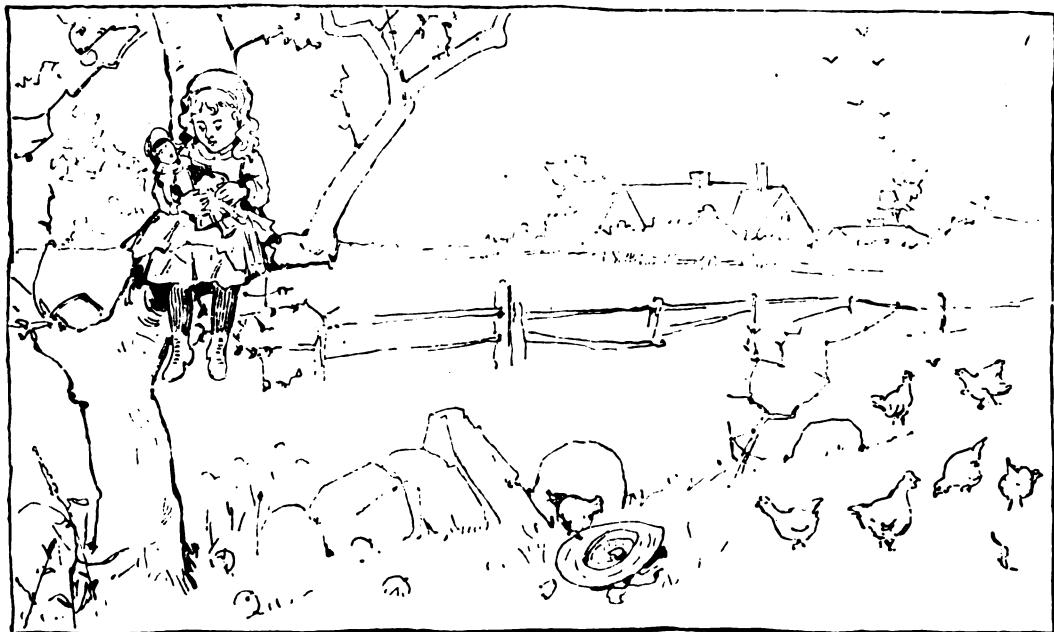
Mam-ma rushed out of the par-lor and snatched her up, all wet and drip-ping. Mam-ma looked just like a bun-dle of ruf-fles her-self, but by the time



BABY NELL.

she had thrown that hose out, she and ba-by both looked like clothes they take out of a wash-tub and hang on a line.

They don't let Jack play with the hose any more.



CHILD-LIFE ON THE FARM.— THE LIT-TLE CLIMB-ER.



SLATE PICT-URE.—TIL-LERS OF THE SOIL

BABYLAND

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A GRAVE CONSULTATION.—“I SHALL LEAVE THEM OUT OF MY CHERRY PARTY.”

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JIM-MY'S AN-SWER.

Yes, the rob-in's nest had been robbed — their own rob-in's nest un-der the bush, with its dar-ling lit-tle eggs of the true robin's blue! The nest was pulled out and tip-ped on the ground, and the love-ly eggs were gone.

"I know well e-nough," said Beth, "that those were the ver-y eggs that your broth-er Jim-my was a-car-ry-ing a-bout strung on a straw, Sat-ur-day af-ter-noon."

"Yes," said Bes-sie, sad-ly, "he and Dick must have found our bush and looked un-der it, and pulled out the nest. If they weren't my broth-ers, I'd nev-er speak to them in this world any more, no, nev-er and nev-er! I'm sor-ry they had to come in-to the coun-try with us, they do *so* much dam-age!"

"O, you'll have to speak to them," said Beth; "but when peo-ple do cru-el things I do think it ought not to go as if they had done on-ly right! I think they ought to be left out a while, an' I shall leave them out of my cher-ry par-ty."

Jim-my and Dick were Bes-sie's broth-ers; but she a-greed, and the boys got no cards for the cher-ry par-ty.

"It is be-cause you broke up the rob-in's nest," said Bes-sie se-vere-ly. "It is to make you feel that girls don't like cru-el-ty to birds!"

Jim-my looked so-ber for a min-ute. Then he kicked up his heels on the car-pet. "Ho, ho!" said he. "Such girls a-set-ting up to pun-ish us! Girls that wear whole birds on their hats all win-ter!"

LA-ZY DAI-SY.



ETH-EL.

Lit-tle Dai-sy is so la-zy
 This is what she does:
 Just as soon as break-fast's eat-en
 Off to bed she goes.

La-zy Dai-sy ne'er was seen
 Read-ing in a book,
 But she loves to lie and sleep
 In a sun-ny nook.

“ Dai-sy, come and play with me,”
 Lit-tle Eeth-el cries;
 Dai-sy sleeps and nods a-way,
 Doesn’t wink her eyes.

Dai-sy, though she’s three years
 old,
 Can-not tell her name;
 Doesn’t know her A, B, C,
 Isn’t it a shame?

But she sings one lit-tle song,
 Ver-y soft and pret-ty:
Purr-purr-purr the whole day long —
 Dai-sy is a kit-ty.



DAI-SY.

Lit-tle Ros-a-bel liked sto-ries the best of any-thing in the world ; and she be-lieved that all her lit-tle pict ure books were true, and O, how she did wish she were a stor-y-book girl her-self, and that such things would hap-pen to her. Dear lit-tle Ros-a-bel, she used to go out in the green lanes and grass-y dells and hunt for fair-ies, and list-en for talk-ing birds and talk-ing flow-ers.

And one day lit-tle Ros-a-bel thought she would try one of the sto-ries and see if it would come true with her. She chose the sto-ry of "Lit-tle Red Rid-ing-hood," be-cause she had a red hood and be-cause she knew a poor old wom-an who lived a-lone in an old house. So she put a pat of but-ter and a cust-ard-pie in

a lit-tle bask-et, tied on her red hood, and started a-way. But there were no woods to go through, and so no wolf came a-long. Ros-a-bel called "Wolf! Wolf!" man-y times, but no wolf came. When she came to the old house she tried to reach the big knock-er. But she couldn't, so she knocked with her lit-tle knuck-les. A ver-y thin, low voice said, "Lift the latch and come right in !" Ros-a-bel did, and there was a poor old grand-moth-er right in bed, just like the stor-y !

"O, have you any-thing to eat in that bask-et ?" said the voice. " I have sprained my an-kle and I can't walk, and there has no-bod-y been here for two days, and I am al-most starved, and I want some-bod-y to go for a doc-tor. Can you go ?"



PLAY-ING RED RID-ING-HOOD.

Yes, Ros-a-bel could. A-way she ran to mam-ma, and mam-
ma and the doc-tor both came.

So Ros-a-bel was not on-ly in a
real sto-ry, her-self, but she al-so
did a great deal of good.

THE WA-TER-ING-POT.



Of all the play-things, large or
small,
That mon-ey could have
bought,
None ev-er pleased the ba-by
like
Her lit-tle wa-ter-ing-pot.

Not larg-er than a pep-per-box
It was, and yet the spout
Could send a doz-en ti-ny rills
Of wa-ter trick-ling out.

She made it rain up-on the grass,
She sprin-kled plant and seed,
And mam-ma's pret-ty pan-sy patch
Kept ver-y fresh in-deed.

One day a storm came, and the walks
Were all too wet for play,
And ba-by had to stay in-doors
The whole long, lone-some day.



She played with stove, and doll, and blocks,
And wash-tub by the hour;

At last she filled her wa-ter-ing-pot,
But what was there to show-er ?

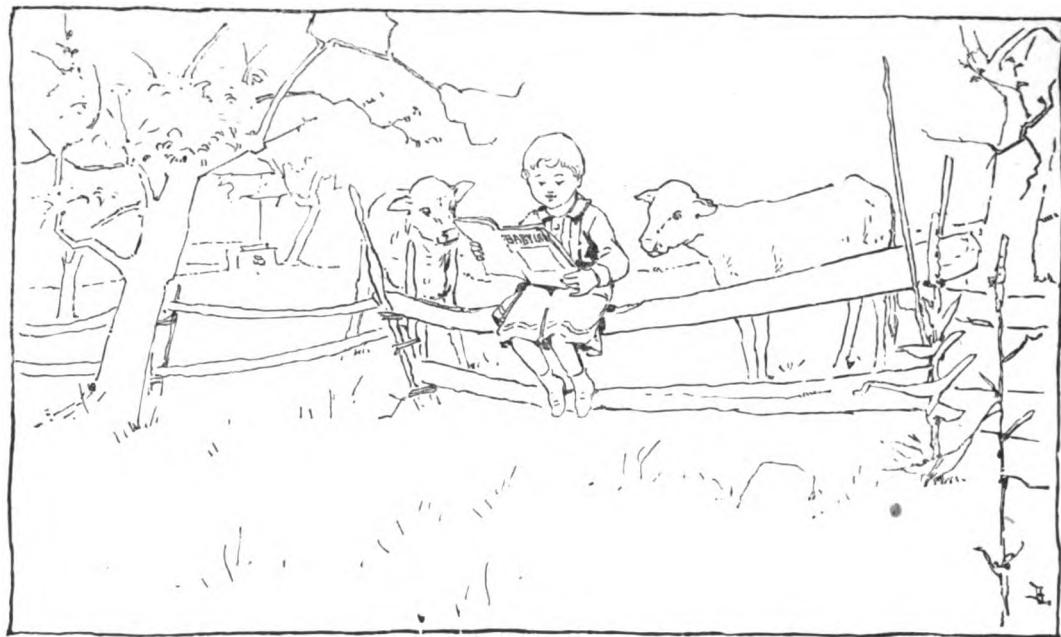
Now ba-by had a gyp-sy hat,
And all a-bout the crown
Were dai-sies thick and white ; she took
The dain-ty tri-fle down.

And such a sprink-ling as she gave
Its po-sy-wreath—ah me!
And such a wilt-ed thing it was
You would have laughed to see.

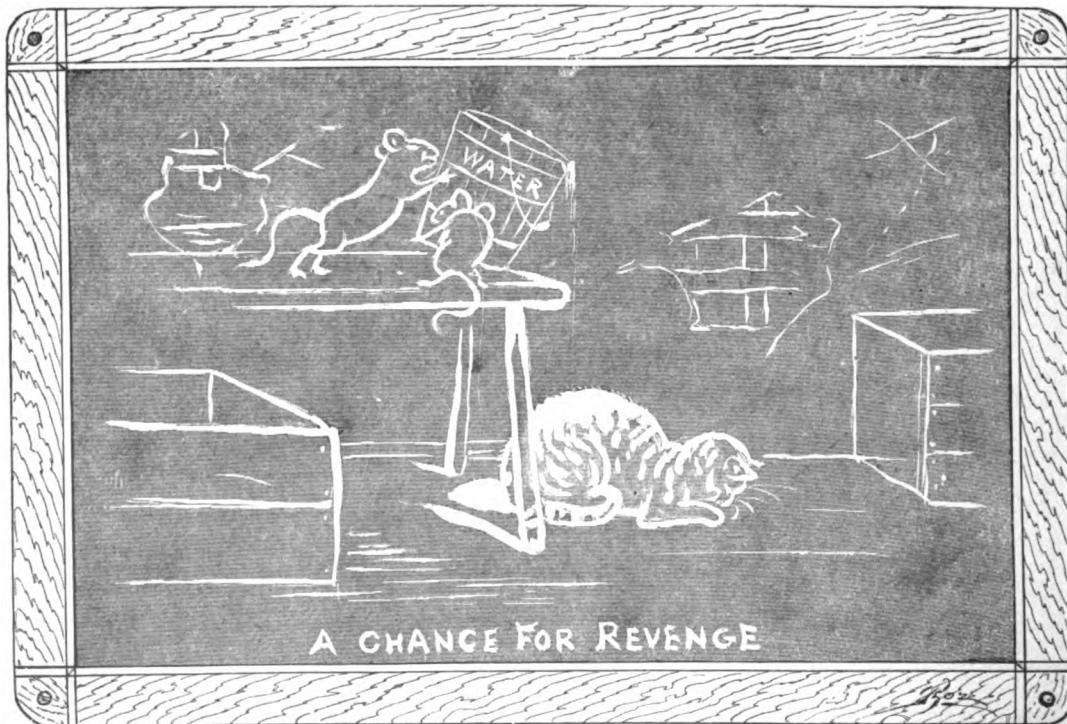
And did we scold our lit-tle girl—
Our bus-y bee? Oh, no.
How could we? for she on-ly thought
To make the dai-sies grow.



MAM-MA'S LIT-TLE DRAW-ING CLASS.



CHILD-LIFE ON THE FARM.—THE SCHOOL IN THE MEAD-OW.



A CHANCE FOR REVENGE

BABYLAND

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LIT-TLE "DROPS" AND LIT-TLE "CRUMBS."

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LIT-TLE CRUMBS, AND LIT-TLE DROPS.

"Crumbs of Crack-ers" and "Drops of Milk" were the names of two lit-tle girls. Would you like to know how they got these fun-ny names? It was this way: Lit-tle "Crumbs" was al-ways nib-blung crack-ers, and lit-tle "Drops" lived up-on noth-ing but milk.

They met for the first time one day by the fence be-tween their gar-dens. Lit-tle Drops was sip-ping from her sil-ver cup and lit-tle Crumbs was munch-ing her crack-er. The big sun-flower thought there must be a dog and a kit-ty in the gar-den.

"I've seen you out here twice," said Crumbs bold-ly, "and both times you was a-drink-ing milk."

"An' I's seen you two times,

and bofe times you was a-eat-ing cwack-ers!" said Drops.

Then the lit-tle girls looked at each oth-er through the fence. Bold lit-tle Crumbs spoke first: "I don't like milk."

"I does," said Drops. "My mam-ma says I was brought up on one cow."

"Was you once a tru-ly lit-tle bos-sy calf?" asked Crumbs.

But Drops did not like that ques-tion. "You isn't ber-ry nice to me," she said.

Then Crumbs was sor-ry. She held out her crack-er. "Here!" she said. And while Drops nib-bled, Crumbs, to show that she was tru-ly sor-ry, took a sip from the cup.

And this was tru-ly sor-row in-deed, for Crumbs don't like milk to this day.

THREE QUEER DOLLS.



Be-neath the shade an oak-tree
made,
Up-on a sum-mer day,
Three lit-tle girls played par-ty
once—
A mer-ry three were they.

Sweet blue-eyed Prue, and
brown-haired Sue,
And pret-ty, win-some Bess;
And what they had for dolls,
I'm sure
You'd nev-er, nev-er guess.

Prue had a fun-ny yel-low
squash,
And Sue a two-legged
beet,
And Bess an ear of corn, my
dear,
Which like her-self was
sweet.

Rogue Rab-bit, you've nib-bled the gar-den bed!
Do you real-ly think you ought to be fed?
You sau-cy Rogue Rab-bit! to nod your head
And take as your right this break-fast of bread.



I-DA'S DOLL.

Once there was a lit-tle girl named I-da, who nev-er had had a dol-ly. She nev-er had e-ven seen one, but there was a pic-ture in a lit-tle red sto-ry-book of a girl hold-ing a doll, and I-da used to



look at this pic-ture ev-er-y day and wish and wish she could



have one. But her home was a long way from an-y store, and be-side, her fath-er and moth-er had no mon-ey to spend for play-things.

Poor lit-tle I-da felt worse and worse a-bout it, and one night she

cried af-ter she went to bed, and when her moth-er came and asked what was the mat-ter she said :

“ I’m so mizh-a-ble for a dol-ly, mam-ma ! ”

Mam-ma sat up long af-ter her lit-tle girl was a-sleep and

thought a-bout it; and the next morn-ing, when I-da woke, there sat a dol-ly on the bu-reau star-ing at her, a queer, queer thing, but I-da knew it was sure-ly a doll.

It was a great rag ba-by, made of an old sheet, and dressed in one of I-da's pink cal-i-co a-prons, and it had black

thread hair, and blue but-ton eyes, a rag nose, and red ink lips — but oh! how de-li-cious it was to hold, and hug, and love! All the sweet names I-da could think of were giv-en her: "Pret-ty," and "Dar-ling," and "Fair-y," and "Sun-shine." And lit-tle I-da was not "mizh-a-ble" an-y more.



THE FAM-I-LY ROGUE IS CAUGHT AT LAST.



DAN-NY'S PEACE-OF-FER-ING.

HOW DAN-NY SAID HE WAS SOR-RY.

Dan-ny was a hand-some lit-tle boy, but not al-ways a good lit-tle boy. Some-times he was so naught-y that you

could see sparks of fire in his soft black eyes, and he would dou-ble his chub-by lit-tle hands up in-to fists, and

stamp his feet, and look exact-ly as though he were going to strike some-bod-y.

One day when mam-ma was sick with head-ache he had one of these bad times with his tem-per.

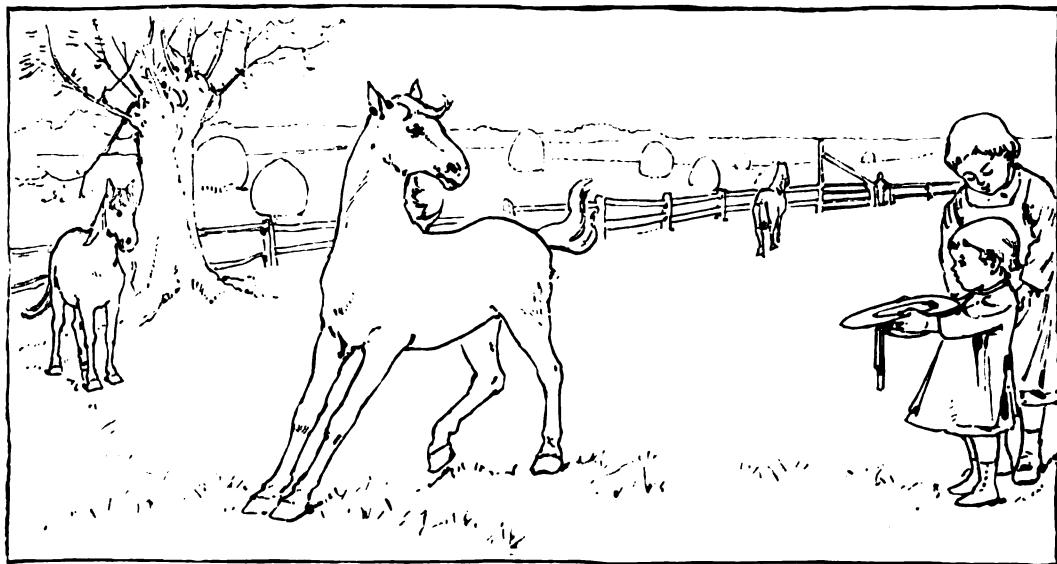
"I don't wish to walk with El-len," he cried, "an' I won't! I want a play-walk with you, mam-ma! El-len don't talk with me, an' she won't let me drive her at all! I want a play-walk with my mam-ma, I say! Do you hear, mam-ma?"

Mam-ma heard. She felt as though the naught-y lit-tle boots had come down with a stamp right on her head. She knew ver-y well it was nicer for a lit-tle boy to walk with a mam-ma who would a-muse him and take part in his lit-tle plays, than with a nurse, but she could not go, and when Dan-ny stamped

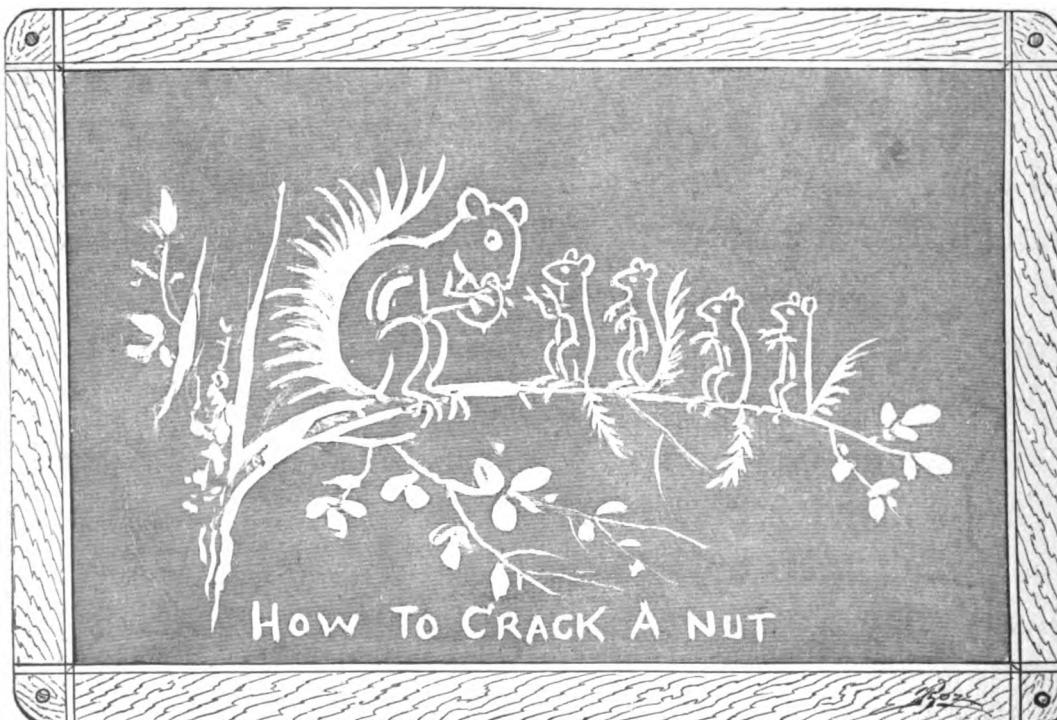
and roared, he had to be sent out of the room quick-ly, and with-out e-ven a kiss.

It was a much-a-shamed lit-tle boy that went stub-bing a-long in the dust right in the mid-dle of the road a half-hour aft-er. His lit-tle heart was strug-gling to find some way to say how sor-ry he was. There were no flow-ers to pick for a nose-gay, and it was too late for e-ven a stray black-ber-ry.

But just be-fore din-ner mam-ma woke, and there was a great cloud of col-or, red and gold, right be-fore her, and shin-ing o-ver it, a pair of silk-en-fringed black eyes, so soft and lov-ing and sor-ry that mam-ma gath-ered her lit-tle boy, and the great arm-ful of au-tumn leaves right in-to her arms, and in one lit-tle min-ute all the naugh-ti-ness was loved a-way.



CHILD-LIFE ON THE FARM.—“THIS IS FOR YOU, COLT-IE!”



SLATE PICT-URE.—A HOME KIND-ER-GART-EN.

BABYLAND

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CATS' CRA-DLE.

THE THREE MOD-EL MICE.

Once on a time—the story-book time when an-i-mals wore clothes and could talk—there were three mod-el mice. Their names were Gray Cloak, Fine Ear and Sat-in Slip-per.



THEY ATE FROM THE SAME EGG.

Sat-in Slip-per had a spoon of her own, Fine Ear had a knife, and Gray Cloak owned a fork.

One day they thought they would club the knife and the fork and the spoon to-ge-th-er, and keep house. As they were mod-el mice, they eas-i-ly a-greed where to live. They

chose Farm-er Jones' cel-lar, be-cause there were bar-rels of ap-ples, bas-kets of eggs, and shelves loaded with good-ies, and an egg, or an ap-ple, or a stray cake would not be missed.

"I lived once," said Gray Cloak, "in the cel-lar of a wom-an who bought by the doz-en or the dime's worth, and she missed the least lit-tle thing at once, so that final-ly I left in dis-gust."

Such good times as those three mice had! The cel-lar had a smooth, wa-ter-limed floor, a beau-ti-ful place to play mar-bles, blind-man's-buff and Kit-ty-kit-ty-cor-ner. They al-ways ate from the same egg, and as Farm-er Jones kept his cats at the barn, there was noth-ing to spoil their com-fort for many years.



IS THIS FAIR?

RICH AND POOR.

Pit-y the lit-tle child-ren that stop
In long-ing and won-der as they pass,
To see the pret-ty and gild-ed toys
In-side the glit-ter-ing win-dow glass.
O, they see so ver-y, so ver-y man-y
And yet, oh, alas! they can't have an-y.
I wish the lit-tle and beau-ti-ful girl
So wrap-ped in her pret-ty cloak and furs,
Would hap-pen to turn and see them there
And smil-ing-ly give them some of hers;
For she has so ver-y, so ver-y man-y,
She cer-tain-ly would-n't miss them an-y.

THE CAT.

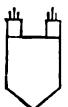
A Slate and Pen-cil Sto-ry.

Once in a fun-ny, queer-shaped house
There lived a wee maid and a mouse.
The maid was thin, the mouse was fat,
But neith-er cared a pin for that.



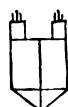
In this first pict-ure you will see
The house where they lived hap-pi-ly.

One day the maid said to the mouse,
“ We need some chim-neys to our house.
I’m ver-y much a-fraid we’ll choke
With no place to let off the smoke.”
So out up-on the roof they got,
At noon-day when the sun was hot;
They worked un-til they built, smoke-proof,
Two point-ed chim-neys on the roof.



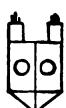
This is the way their house ap-peared
When the two chim-neys had been reared.

Next said the maid un-to the mouse,
“ Let’s build four rooms with-in our house.
One room for you and one for me,
And two more for our com-pa-ny.”



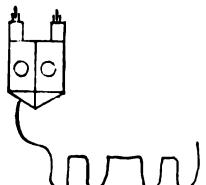
The mouse a-greed ; and here you see
Four rooms with-in the dwell-ing wee.

“ Now what a grand and splen-did house ! ”
 The wee maid said un-to the mouse.
 “ But one thing more I’d like to do —
 I’d like to put in win-dows two,
 To stand be-hind so snug and sly,
 And peep out at the pass-ers by.”



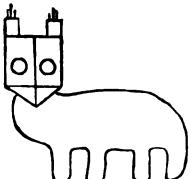
The mouse, quite pleased, said, “ I’ll a-gree ; ”
 So two round win-dows next you see.

’Twas on a pleas-ant day in June,
 Just as the clocks were strik-ing noon,
 The wee maid said, “ I hear a sound
 Like some-thing scratch-ing on the ground !
 You stay at home and guard the house,
 And I’ll see what it is, dear mouse.”
 So while the mouse locked fast the door,
 The wee maid set off to ex-plore.
 She start-ed down the grav-elled way,
 But soon she fell, and sob-bing lay ;
 Then up she got and hur-ried on,
 But down she fell up-on a stone ;
 With cour-age up a-gain she got,
 But down she fell in a rough spot ;
 Then she got up, and down she fell —
 A sad, sad sto-ry ’tis to tell.



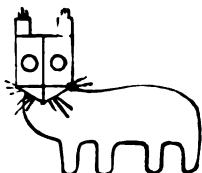
This is the path the wee maid took,
 And this the way her tum-bles look.

“ I’ll hur-ry home,” the wee maid said;
 “ I’ve bumped my nose, and hurt my head,
 And I can’t tell what made that sound,
 I don’t see any thing a-round.”



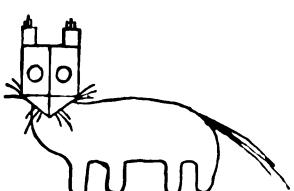
So home she went, and here’s the track
 She took when she was go-ing back.

Next morn the maid said to the mouse,
 “ Let’s go to work and clean our house.
 I’ll sweep the dirt out the front door,
 While you scrub up the pan-try floor.”



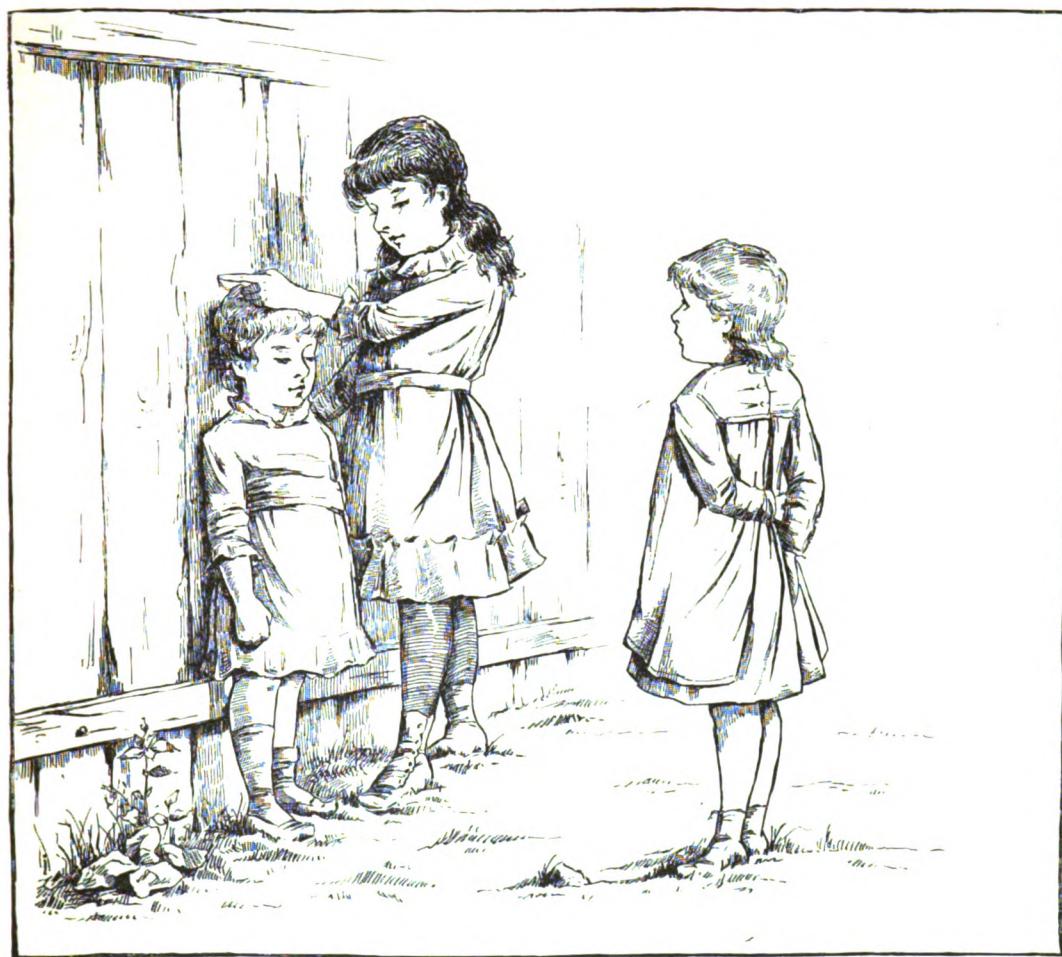
This is the way their house they kept,
 With dirt all round the front door swept.

“ The gar-den path all round the house
 I’ll brush out next,” said maid to mouse.



This is the way the dirt ap-peared
 When off their gar-den path ’twas cleared ;
 But as she swept, she heard a-gain
 That dread-ful, roar-ing sound quite plain.
 “ What is the mat-ter ? ” asked the mouse,
 As back she hur-ried to the house.

“ Mat-ter e-nough, my mouse so fat,
 O, dear ! A-las ! IT IS THE CAT ! ”



MEAS-UR-ING TOM-MY.

Tom-my goes ev-er-y day to look at a board in the gar-den fence. There are four lit-tle hacks in that board, one a-bove an-oth-er, made with a knife. The first hack shows how tall

Tom-my was when he was one year old; the sec-ond how tall when he was two; the third how tall when he was three; and yes-ter-day Nel-ly made a hack for the fourth birth-day.



CHILD-LIFE ON THE FARM.—A NO-VEM-BER RAIN.



BRINGING HOME THE THANKSGIVING DINNER

BABYLAND

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THE TWINS.

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A LIT-TLE MAS-TER.

Floss and Fluff were the hap-pi-est dogs in the world. Floss knew how to snap, and Fluff knew how to whine, and if they had been let to go hun-gry, or cold, or had



FLOSS AND FLUFF.

been scold-ed, they'd have been cross, naught-y dogs.

But Floss and Fluff had

a good mas-ter. He was a lit-tle boy on-ly six years old, but he was a first-rate mas-ter. His pa-pa said when he brought Floss and Fluff home:

“Now, Fred-dy, just as long as these lit-tle fel-lows are hap-py, just so long they are yours!”

Fred-dy knew what that meant. He fed his beau-ti-ful pets at reg-u-lar hours ev-er-y day, and e-ver-y day he combed and brushed them, and ev-er-y day he took them out for a frolic, and they had their baths at the right time, and he nev-er held up a bone and did not give it to them. Because he was so prompt and true and kind, Fred-dy was hap-py, and so were Fluff and Floss.



THE FIRST TIME.

Here are bon-ny
Bess and Kate,
And the lit-tle Nan-ny,
Come out to skate.

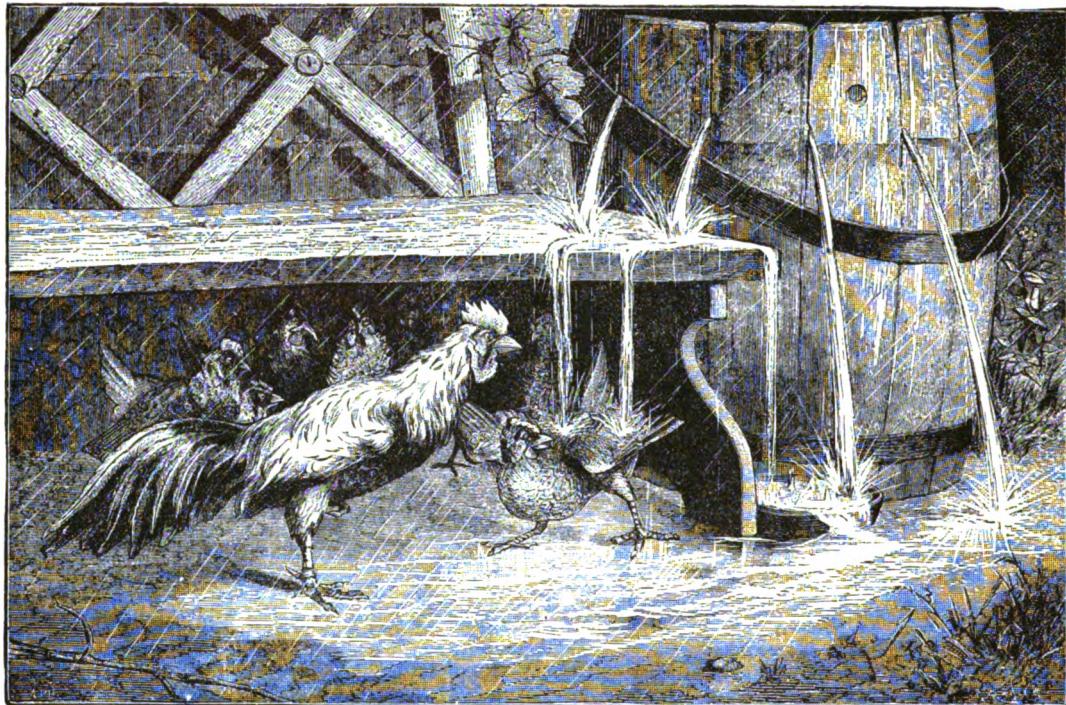
Three lit-tle girls,
So bold and gay ;
In a min-ute more,
A-way — a-way,

We shall see them fly-ing,
I sup-pose,
Each with her cheeks
Red as a rose.

Bess cries, “ I can-not
Stand at all.”
And Kate screams out,
“ I know we’ll fall ! ”

And the lit-tle Nan-ny
Shrieks, “ Oh my ! ”
And all three to-geth-er
Be-gin to cry.

And that is the way
That Bess and Kate,
And the lit-tle Nan-ny,
Learn to skate.



UN-DER THE EA-VES.

TWO BA-BIES.

The ba-by in the house and the ba-by in the barn, are great friends. The barn ba-by is not per-mit-ted to come in-to the house, but the house ba-by vis-its the barn ev-er-day.

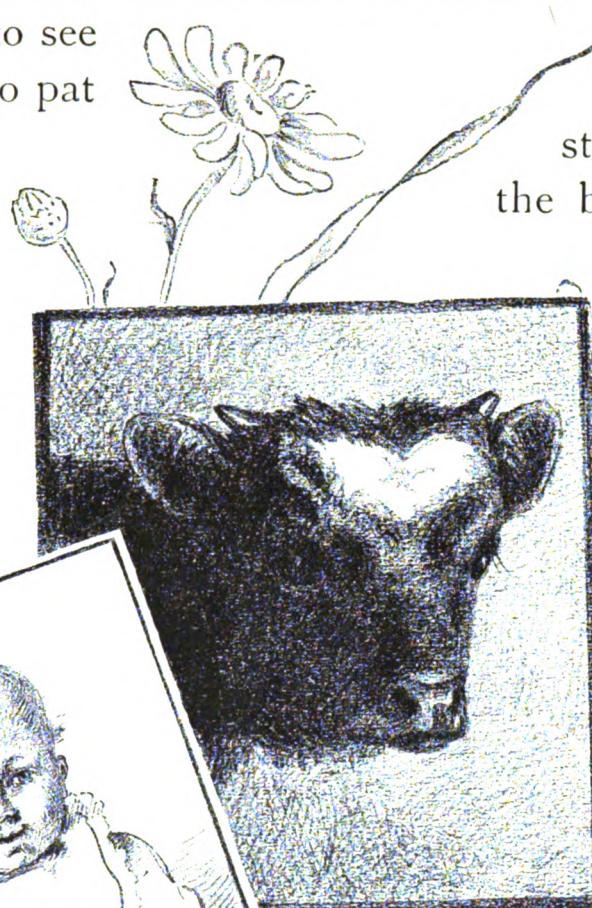
The house ba-by is a year old, and the barn ba-by is

just a year old too ; but the house ba-by can on-ly take lit-tle trem-bling steps, hold-ing fast by moth-er's hand, while the barn ba-by, if he can on-ly get out of doors, throws up his heels and runs a-cross the fields, and no-bod-y can catch him. The house

ba-by laughs to see
dear-ly likes to pat
feel his two
And I think
feel the soft



the house
then pa-pa
stood and



him go, and
his red hair, and
stout lit-tle horns.
the barn ba-by likes to
hand of
his lit-tle
f r i e n d
from the
house, for
some-times
there is salt, and
some-times there
is su-gar on the
lit-tle pink palm,
and the barn ba-
by licks it off
with his rough

tongue. Once the barn ba-by
tried to say, "Thank you."
He tried this way: He reached
his head up and licked the
house ba-by's rose-pink cheek. The
house ba-by was scared, and so was the
house ba-by's moth-er—and she ran in-to
with him just as fast as she could; and
laughed at them both, and the barn ba-by
looked over the fence for half an hour.

BO-PEEP'S STOCK-ING.

Bo-peep was Jack Hor-ner's lit-tle sis-ter. When he had his Christ-mas pie she was a wee ba-by. But the next Christ-mas, mam-ma hung up her own lit-tle red-and-white speck-led stock-ing for her.

Christ-mas morn-ing there was a great time. Bo-peep sat on the bed, and shouted "Goo ! goo !" and pulled the things out her-self from the gay lit-tle stuffed stock-ing.

A lit-tle white rab-bit peeped out at the top. His eyes were made of pink beads. He had a clov-er leaf in his mouth. Then came a chi-na pus-sy, black and yel-low and white. Then a brown mouse and a white one. The brown mouse was choc-o-late. The white one was su-gar: and Bo-peep bit off the choc-o-late tail

and a su-gar ear at once.

There was a knit dol-ly, in a bright blue dress and blue shoes.

And a-way down in the toe of the stock-ing, there was a lit-tle chi-na hen. She sat in her nest. The nest was chi-na too. Bo-peep took her off, and what do you think she had for eggs? Pink-and-white car-a-way seeds!

When Bo-peep went to bed that night, the lit-tle red stock-ing was left on the car-pet. In the morn-ing mam-ma heard a rus-tle in the stock-ing, and shook it. Out ran a gray mous-ie, a real, live mous-ie !

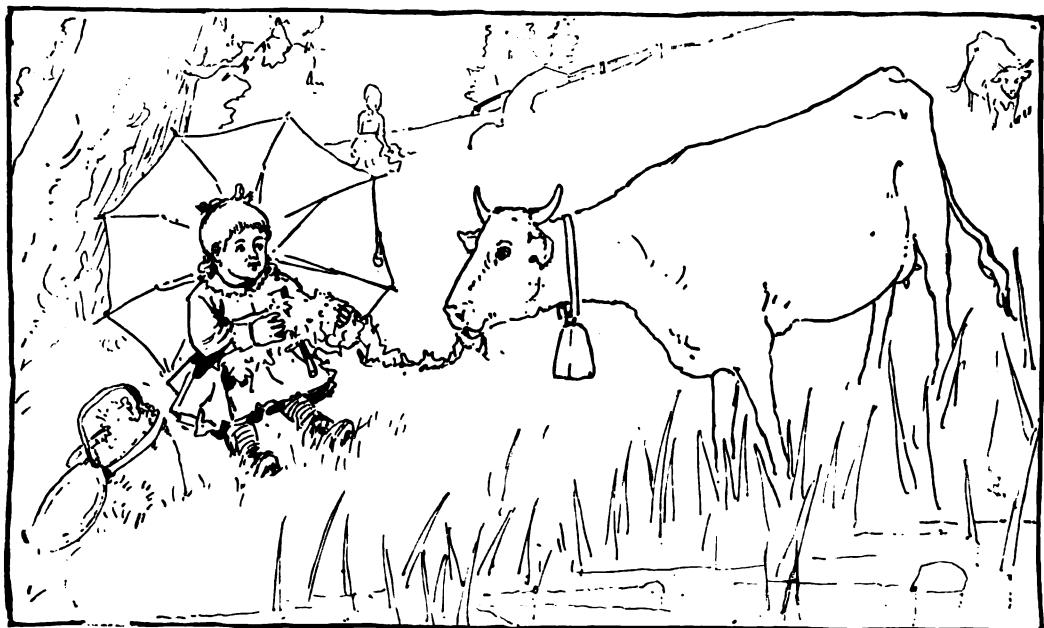
Two or three of Bo-peep's lit-tle pink-and-white car-a-way eggs had stayed in the toe of the stock-ing. Mous-ie had smelt them in the night, and had



CHRIST-MAS MORN-ING.

crept in to get his share of Christ-mas. Wasn't that fun-ny?

So Bo-peep thinks she had two Christ-mas morn-ings.



CHILD-LIFE ON THE FARM.—“DON’T EAT UP MY CHRIST-MAS WREATH!”



ALL AROUND THE CHRISTMAS TREE

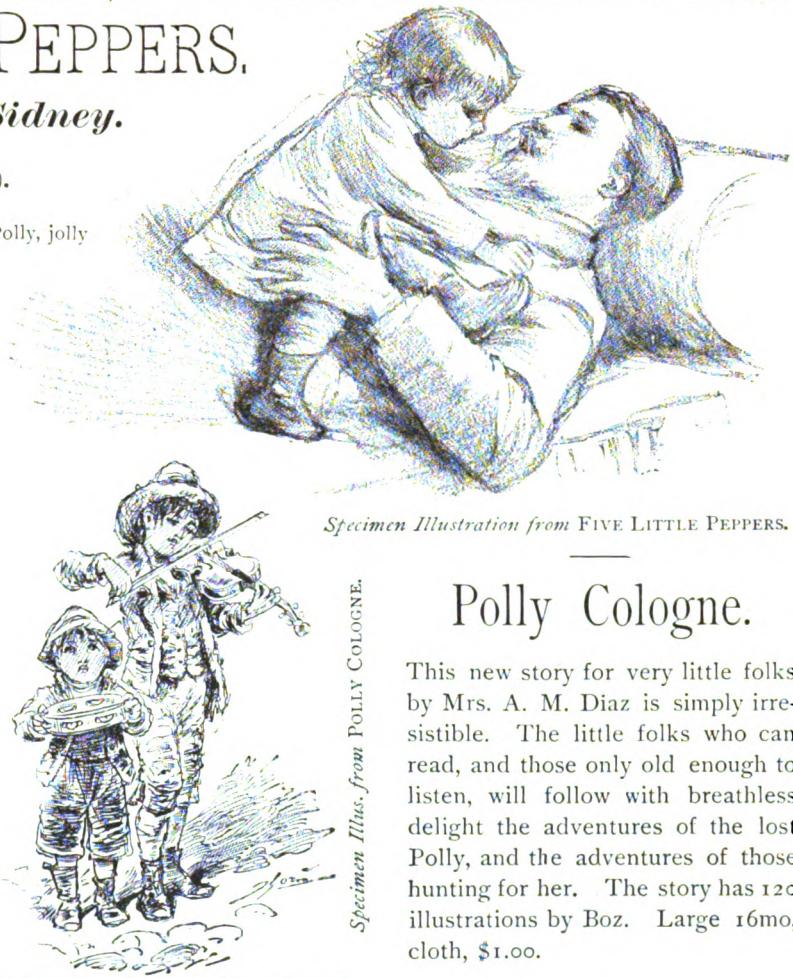
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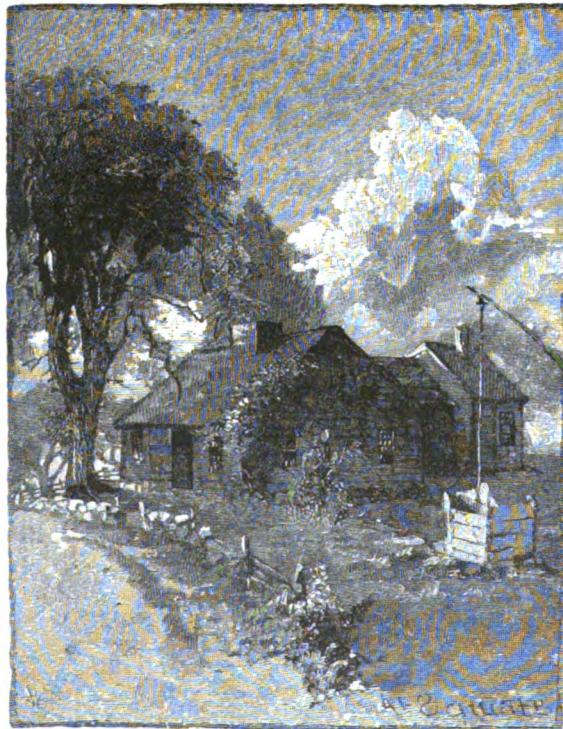
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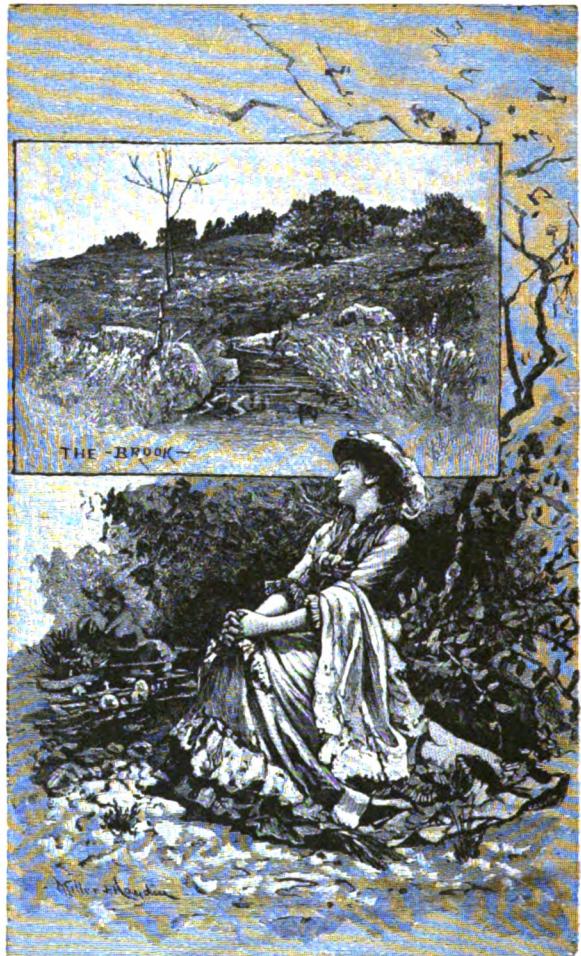
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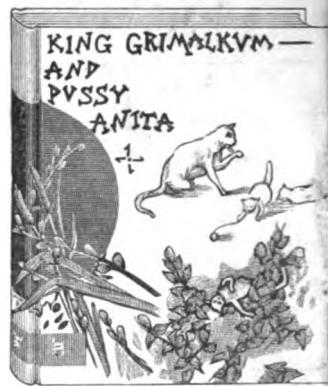
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